

MARCH

# BLUE BOLT

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BLUE BOLT

VOL. 7 — NO. 10

JACK  
HARMON







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# BLUE BOLT FLASHES

## The Editors Write:

Dear Readers:

Experience tells us that polio will in all probability be more widespread this summer than it was last, and consequently the calls for assistance from the stricken will be proportionately greater. This makes it of the utmost importance that the 1947 March of Dimes, scheduled for January 15-31, 1947, be an even greater success than the 1946 March of Dimes. We know the children of America can count on you for support in their fight against this crippling disease.

Well, the BLUE BOLT scoreboard is again chock full of facts and figures. "Dick Cole" still leads the pack by a wide margin, with "Edison Bell" and "Fearless Fellers" running neck-and-neck for second place in popularity among the strips. But, based on the amount of favorable comment they have caused, second place really belongs to the Q's and A's.

A wide selection of Q's and A's is not always possible because we are governed by the material which appears on certain given pages. If, for instance, a page contains little dialogue and the scene shows four bare walls, we may be hard put to find a question which will increase the reader's general knowledge or help him in school. We are pleased to learn, however, that most of you find the questions both instructive and entertaining.

Cordially yours,  
THE EDITORS

## The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I have a pen pal in China and I thought I'd write to tell you how much she enjoys BLUE BOLT. She tells me that her friends just about drive her crazy every time the mailman stops at her house. She is American and so are her friends. They have been in China since the war started and they like American comics and books. "Sergeant Spook," "Bluebolts and Nuts," and "Fearless Fellers" are their favorites.

They told me to please ask you to print, in an issue that will soon be published, a picture of each artist. They and I would like to see what the swell artists of this book look like.

Yours faithfully,  
Naomi Wood  
Pleasantville, N. J.

*We'd like to print pictures of our artists, Naomi, but we just don't have the room.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I think BLUE BOLT is the best comic book anyone can buy if he or she likes a mixture of adventure and comedy. My favorite strips are "Dick Cole," "Edison Bell," and "Fearless Fellers." "Krisco and Jasper" is getting too silly for reading. I wish you would substitute a second "Dick Cole" story in place of it. But all in all, BLUE BOLT is number one on my list.

A true reader,  
Edward Wardzala  
Worcester, Mass.

*"Dick Cole" also appears in 4MOST, Edward. 4MOST is published four times per year.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I think BLUE BOLT is tops. The minute the store gets copies of it, everyone in the neighborhood buys one. During the war the kids in our block had a small club, and we would send BLUE BOLT overseas to our relatives. We enjoyed it very much and we know the soldiers did too. Keep 'em coming.

Yours truly,  
Shirley Weyrick  
Peoria, Ill.

*How's the club coming along now, Shirley?*

Dear Editors:

I like BLUE BOLT Magazine very much. The main reason I like it is because each story stops in each issue, and you don't have to wait another month to see what happens.

Also, I like the Q's and A's. Some of them come in handy for school. When the teacher asks us a question that has been in BLUE BOLT, all of us fans pop up with the correct answer.

My mother didn't like me to read comics, until one day she picked up one of your issues. She looked through it and found out there's a lot more in comics than she thought. So she said: "If you read BLUE BOLT, I feel better about it."

Thank you,  
Emma Jane Seaborn  
North Cleveland, Tenn.

*Thank you, Emma Jane, for telling us that BLUE BOLT helped to change your mother's impression of comic magazines.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I have just read the September issue of your magazine. I think it's the best comic on the market. I like "Dick Cole" best, and then comes "Edison Bell." The feature stories are tops and the Q's and A's are an interesting novelty.

About the only story I don't like is "Blue Bolt." The reason I don't like this strip is because it seems so out of place among so many fine stories.

A devoted reader,  
John Leahy  
Woodside, L. I., N. Y.

*Just what don't you like about "Blue Bolt," John? Why is this strip out of place? Do you think it is too "grown-up," or that the adventures are impossible? Let's hear more.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

My favorite characters in BLUE BOLT are Dick Cole and Edison Bell. I like Dick because his adventures seem so real to me. I also make Edison Bell's inventions. Sometimes they turn out different.

A true reader,  
James Bodi  
Port Reading, N. J.

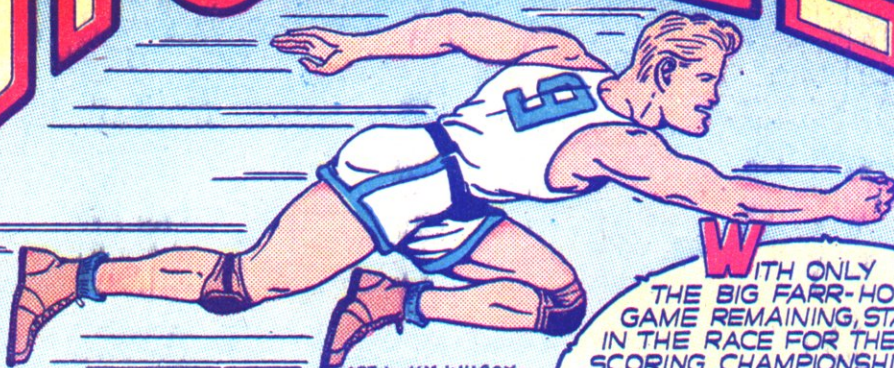
*You can never tell about inventions, James. Sometimes the "different" ones hit the mark—and the market.*

**ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.**  
**\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.**

25c will be sent if a portion of a letter is used.



# DICK COLE



ART by JIM WILCOX

WITH ONLY THE BIG FARR-HOLDEN GAME REMAINING, STANDINGS IN THE RACE FOR THE INDIVIDUAL SCORING CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE MILITARY SCHOOL BASKETBALL LEAGUE ARE AS FOLLOWS....

COLE .... FARR .... 237  
WIMPLE ... HOLDEN .. 231  
CHARLES.. WILSON ... 201  
PITCH .... BUCKLER .. 191

ON THE MORNING OF THE FINAL GAME, CADETS AT FARR GET A RUDE SHOCK!

IT'S RIGHT THERE IN BLACK AND WHITE, BUT I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

COLE MUST BE MONEY-MAD! HE CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

HEY, SPIKE, LOOK!



BUT IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! DICK DOESN'T SMOKE!

MELLOW CIGARETTES

LISTEN TO WHAT DICK COLE SAYS...  
"AFTER A TOUGH BASKETBALL GAME, I ALWAYS REACH FOR A MELLOW CIGARETTE. I WILL REACH FOR A MELLOW."

HERE HE COMES NOW.

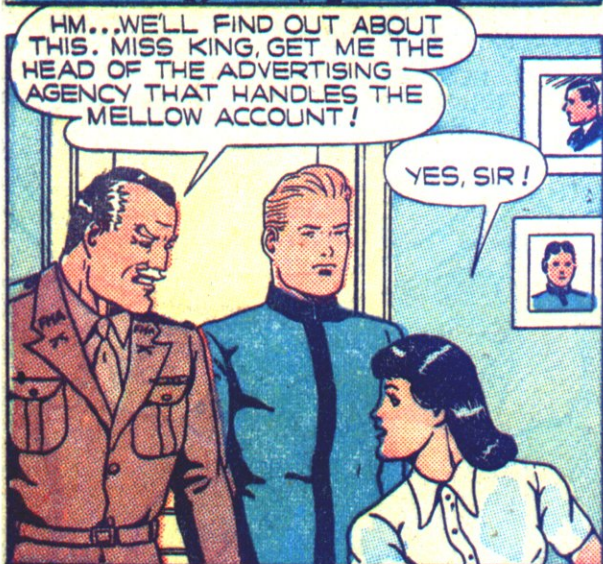
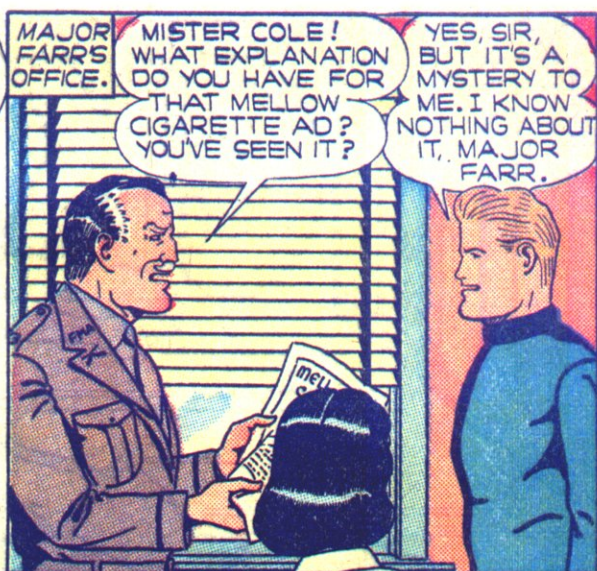
HEY, DICK! COME HERE!

YEAH, WHAT'S THE SCOOP ON THIS CIGARETTE AD?



Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor  
Mel Cummin, Art Director; Helen Doig Schmid, Associate Editor; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant  
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at Philadelphia, Pa., under Act of March 3, 1879. No living person named or delineated in this magazine except historical  
personages.







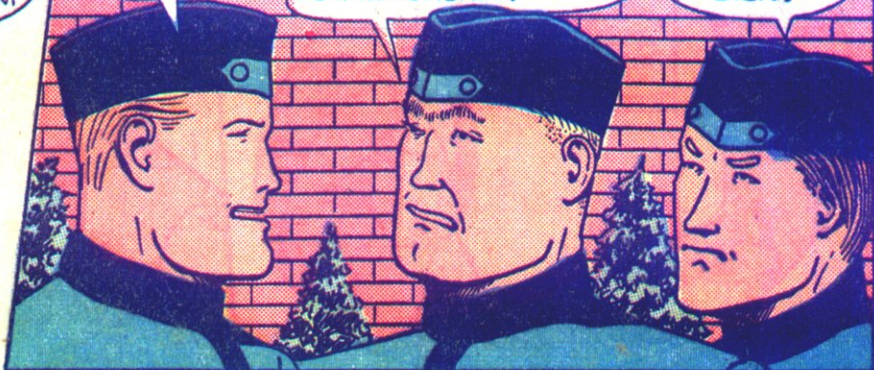
MR. HODGE HAS JUST INFORMED ME HE PAID YOU TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR THAT AD. YOU HAVE COMMERCIALIZED YOUR ATHLETIC ABILITY! ONLY YOUR FINE RECORD IN THE PAST RESTRAINS ME FROM EXPELLING YOU!  
**DISMISSED!**

**OUTSIDE, DICK FINDS SIMBA AND SLIP'RY WAITING FOR HIM.**

WELL, FELLOWS, I'VE BEEN KICKED OFF THE TEAM!

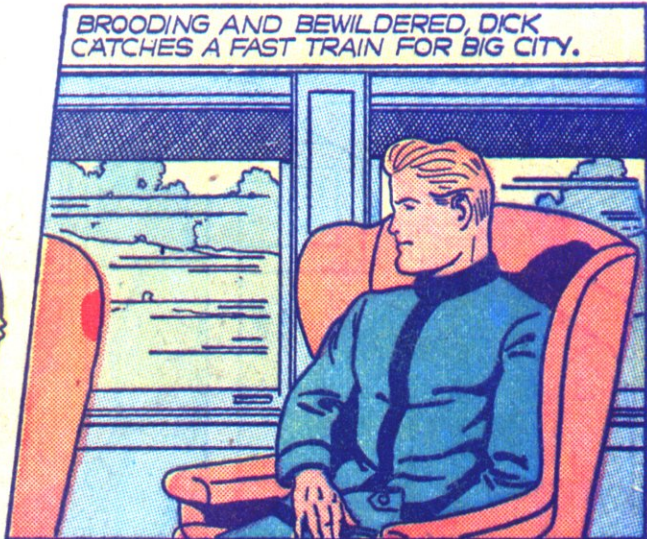
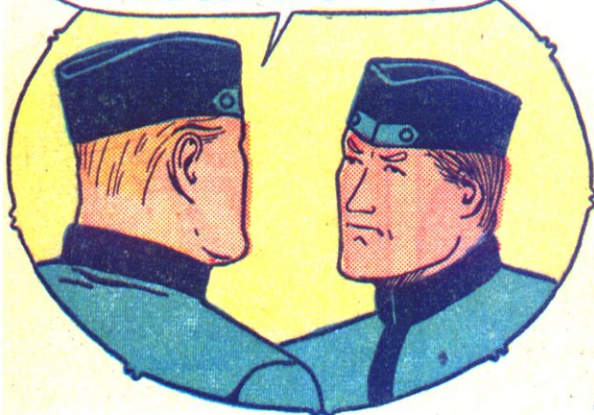
GOSH! TOUGH BREAK, DICK! WE NEED YOU TO BEAT HOLDEN..AND NOW WESLEY WIMPLE IS A CINCH TO TAKE THE SCORING CHAMPIONSHIP!

AND HOLDEN WILL BEAT US SURE! BUT WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, DICK?



SOMETHING'S PHONY, SLIP'RY! I'LL HAVE TO CUT CLASSES, BUT I'M GOING TO THE HODGE-WIMPLE AGENCY IN BIG CITY AND GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

**BROODING AND BEWILDERED, DICK CATCHES A FAST TRAIN FOR BIG CITY.**



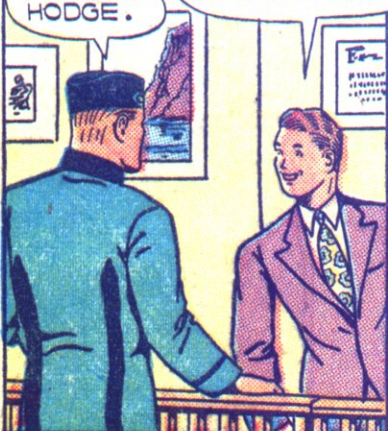
ARRIVING AT BIG CITY, DICK HURRIES TO THE OFFICES OF THE HODGE-WIMPLE ADVERTISING AGENCY...

I AM DICK COLE, AND I MUST SEE MR. HODGE.

DICK COLE?! GEE WHIZZ! YOU ARE MY FAVORITE ATHLETE! GOSH!

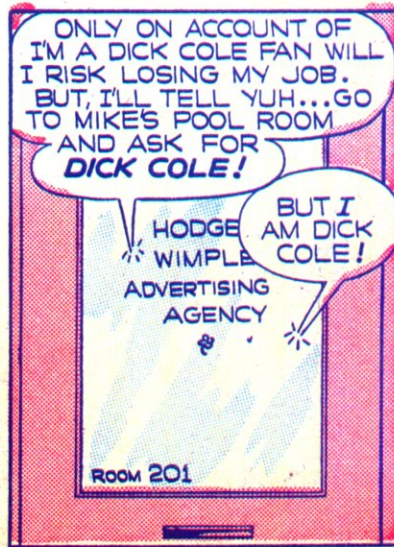
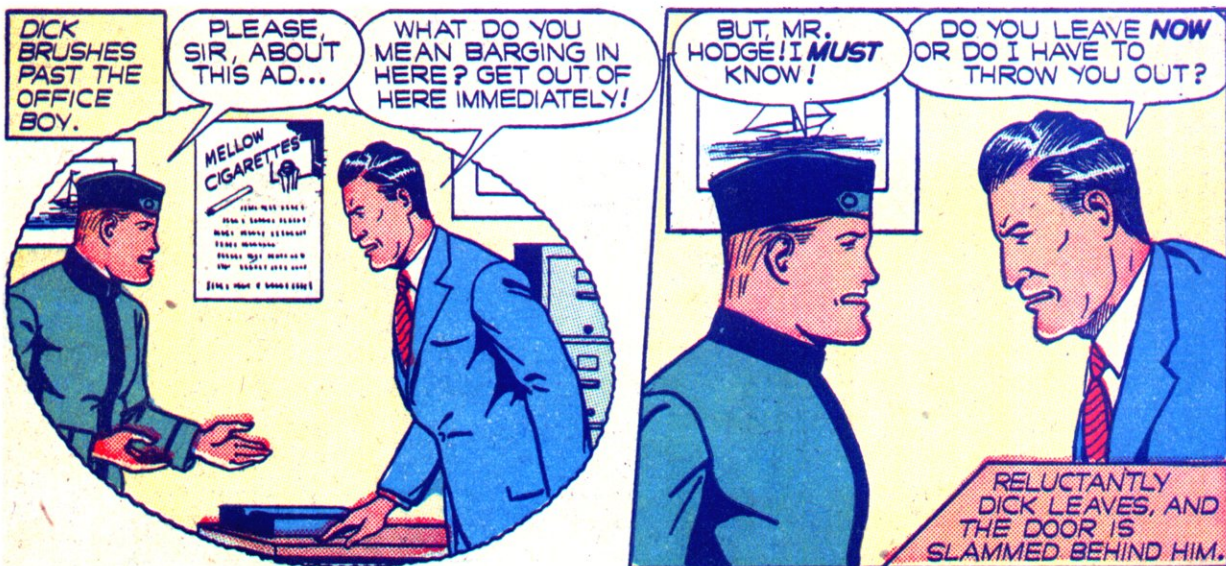
DICK COLE IS HERE TO SEE YOU, MR. HODGE.

DICK COLE? SORRY, I'M TOO BUSY TO SEE HIM.



3





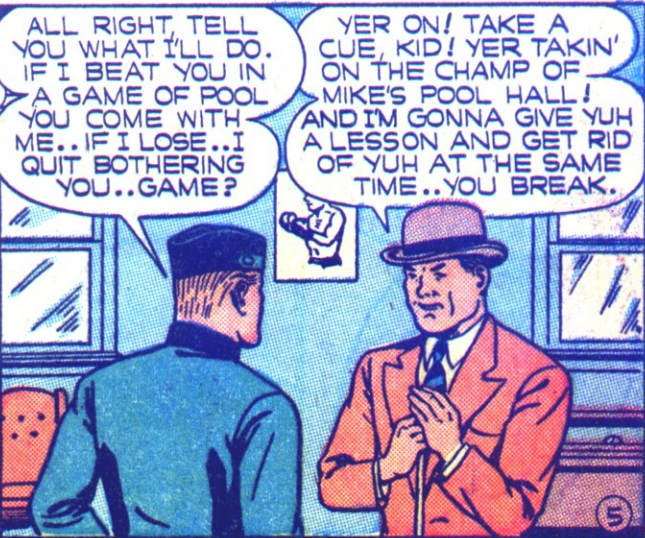
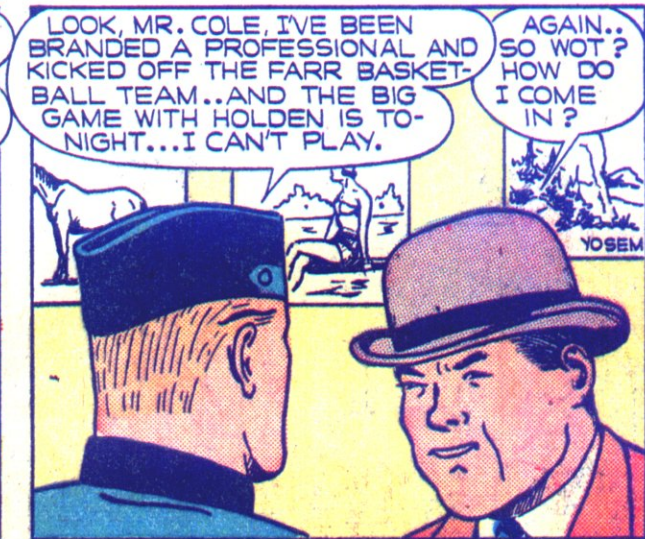
DICK, AFTER SEVERAL INQUIRIES, LOCATES MIKE'S POOL ROOM, ONE OF THE TOUGHER HANG-OUTS IN THE TOUGHEST SECTION OF BIG CITY.

INSIDE...



**Q** UESTION No. 2. What prizefight did Mike Jacobs stage at one hundred dollars top?







"MUGS" REMOVES HIS COAT.. DICK BREAKS AND SINKS TWO BALLS.

HEY! WHERE'D YOU LOIN THAT SHOT?

WE HAVE A POOL TABLE IN THE LOUNGE AT FARR. I OFTEN PLAY.

PLAYING SKILFULLY, DICK EASILY DEFEATS "MUGS".

OKAY.. I'M LICKED, FAIR AND SQUARE, AND I ALLERS PAY MY DEBTS. LET'S GO AND SEE HODGE AND GET THIS OVER WITH!

HODGE'S OFFICE..

ULP! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

ANNOUNCING DICK COLE..AND DICK COLE, MR. HODGE.

JUST THIS, MR. HODGE. FIRST GET IN TOUCH WITH MAJOR FARR AND GET ME REINSTATED FOR THE GAME TO-NIGHT. SECOND, RUN AN AD STATING I AM **NOT** THE DICK COLE YOU PAID FOR THE CIGARETTE AD!

AHEM! I..UH..ER, IT SEEMS THERE ARE TWO DICK COLES. HRUMPH..MOST CONFUSING. BUT IF I PAY **YOU** **TOO** FOR THE TESTIMONIAL, THEN EVERYTHING SHOULD BE ALL RIGHT... AGREED?

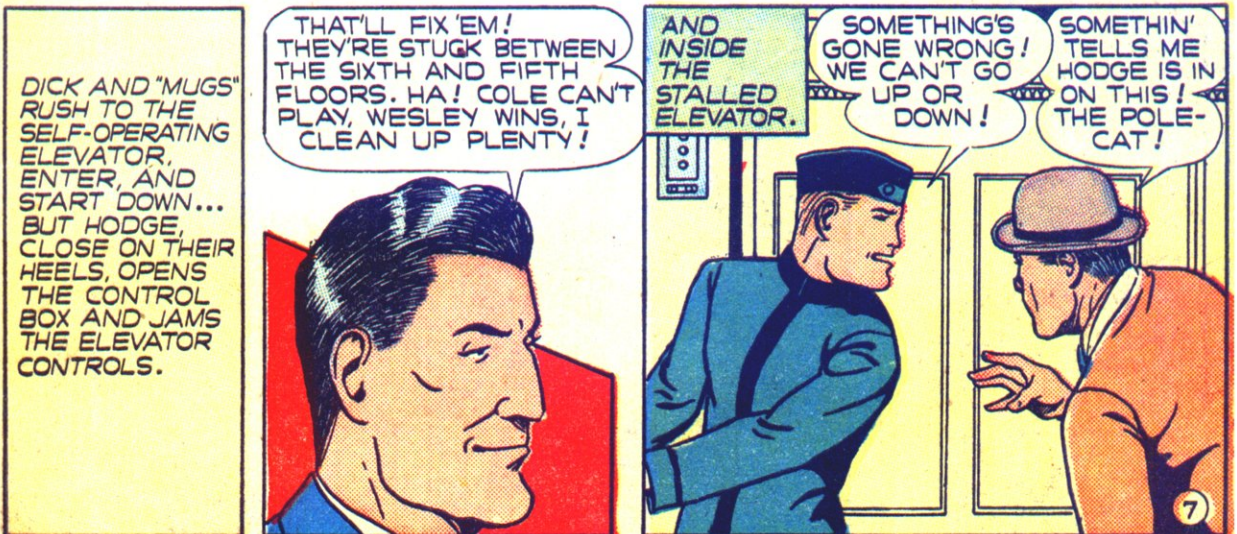
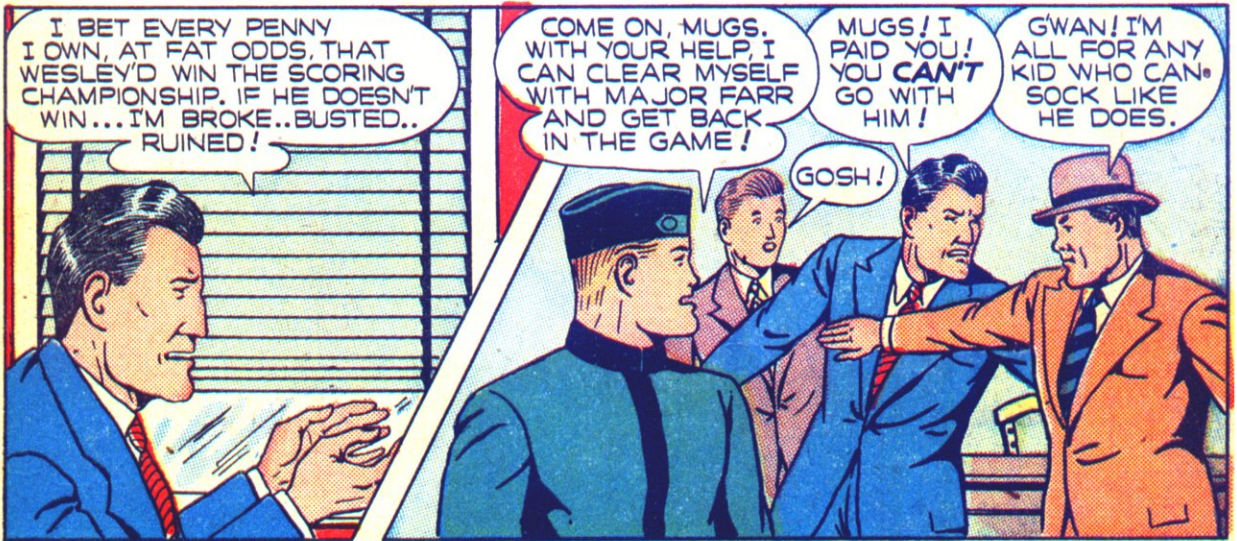
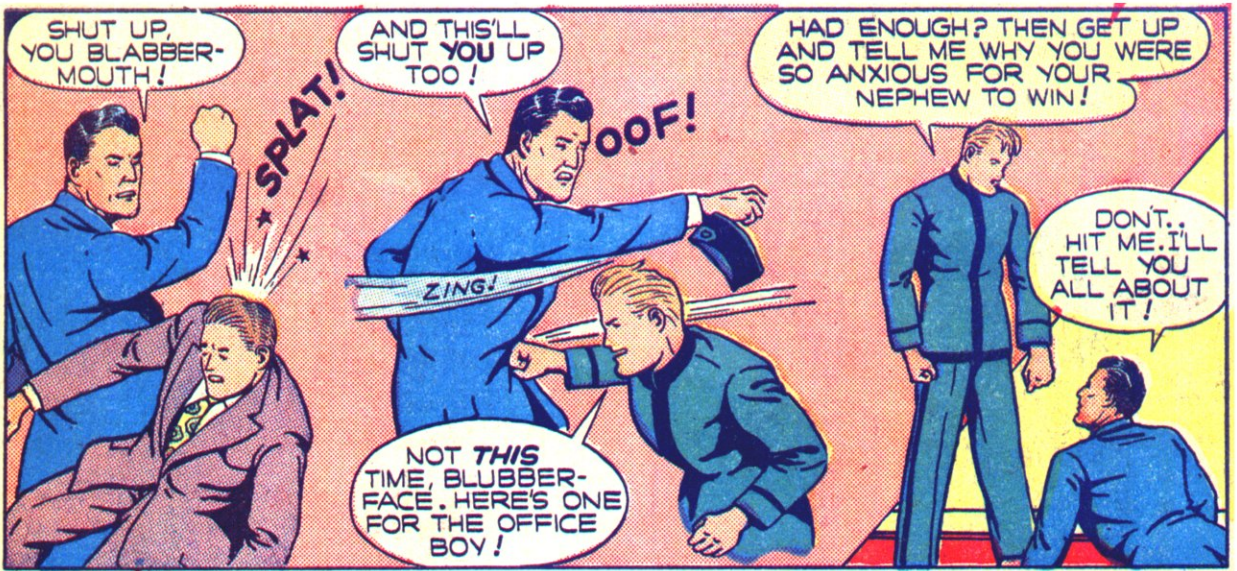
**NO!** I DON'T WANT MONEY. I WANT TO BE CLEARED IN TIME FOR THE GAME TONIGHT!

BUT..HOW CAN I? I ADMIT IT'S, UH..ER..A MISTAKE ON MY PART...BUT...

THE OFFICE BOY INTERRUPTS!

DICK! IT IS **NOT** A MISTAKE! WESLEY WIMPLE OF HOLDEN IS HODGE'S NEPHEW. THIS IS ALL A PLOT TO KEEP YOU OUT OF THE GAME SO WESLEY WILL WIN THE SCORING CHAMPIONSHIP!







AND ON THE TENTH FLOOR.

I'LL KEEP THEM THERE UNTIL THE GAME'S OVER... THEN COLLECT MY DOUGH AND SKIP THIS TOWN.

ELEVATORS

MEANWHILE DICK DISCOVERS THE EMERGENCY TRAP DOOR IN THE CEILING OF THE ELEVATOR.

AH!

I CAN'T QUITE REACH IT. GIVE ME A BOOST, MUGS. WHEN I GET ON THE CAR ROOF, I'LL PULL YOU UP.

OKAY, KID. WONDER HOW FAR WE GOT TO CLIMB?

ONE MORE FLOOR TO GO! THEN THE ROOF AND DOWN THE STAIRS! WE'LL JUST ABOUT MAKE IT BACK TO FARR!

THEY REACH THE ROOF AND DART DOWN THE STAIRS TO THE 10<sup>th</sup> FLOOR... THERE'S THAT RAT HODGE BY THE ELEVATOR DOOR...HE'S MY MEAT!

AND... DAT'S FOR GREASE ON ME SUIT AND SKINNED HANDS, YOU #@!!\*#

POW!

IN "MUGS'S" CAR THEY SPEED TOWARDS FARR, 100 MILES AWAY.

THE GAME IS ALREADY ON WHEN THEY REACH FARR...BUT "MUGS" SEEKS OUT THE MAJOR AND BLURTS OUT HIS STORY...

BUT ONE STOP FOIST. DE 10<sup>th</sup> FLOOR...FOR A LITTLE BIZNESS. I DON'T LIKE CLIMBIN' CABLES.

THE GAME STARTS IN A HALF HOUR, MUGS, SO STEP ON IT!

...SO YA SEE, MAJOR, I'M DA GUY IN DA AD..NOT YER DICK COLE!

GREAT SCOTT! I'LL REINSTATE DICK IMMEDIATELY! EXCUSE ME!



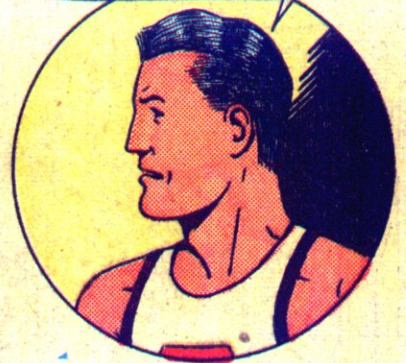
MAJOR FARR HURRIES AWAY TO INFORM DICK THAT HE CAN PLAY. IT IS NEARLY THE END OF THE SECOND QUARTER AND FARR IS LEADING HOLDEN BY A SCORE OF 31 TO 30. WESLEY WIMPLE HAS SCORED 12 OF HOLDEN'S POINTS AND HE NOW LEADS DICK IN THE SCORING CHAMPIONSHIP RACE, BY 6 POINTS.

TIME OUT, AS DICK IS SUBSTITUTED...

OH, MY GOSH! HERE COMES DICK COLE!

WE'LL BOTTLE HIM UP FOR YOU, WES. YOU'LL WIN THE SCORING CHAMPIONSHIP!

CONFOUND IT, I WONDER WHAT WENT WRONG WITH MY UNCLE'S PLAN TO KEEP DICK FROM PLAYING? UNCLE ASSURED ME THAT HE... BUT COLE'S HERE!

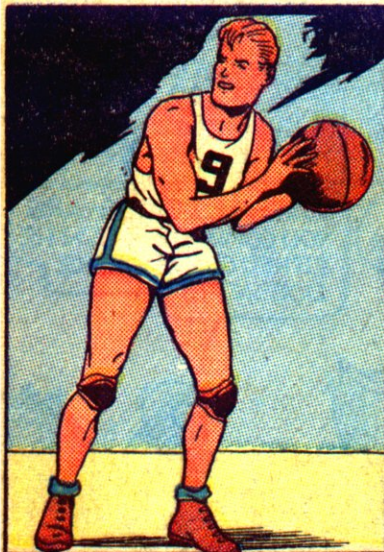
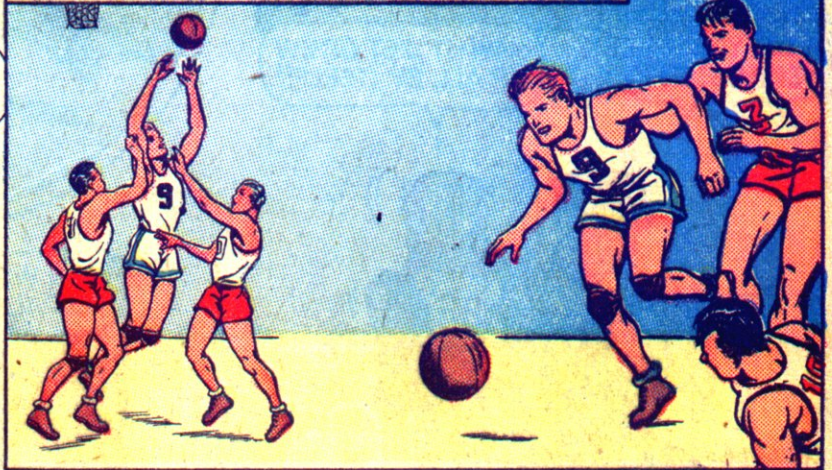


QUICKLY DICK TELLS HIS TEAMMATES OF THE FRAME-UP.

SO THAT'S IT! OKAY GUYS, WE'LL BEAT WIMPLE AS WELL AS HOLDEN! LET'S GO!



AIDED BY HIS MATES, DICK RUNS WILD...



YEE-OH! THE GAME'S OVER AND FARR WINS!

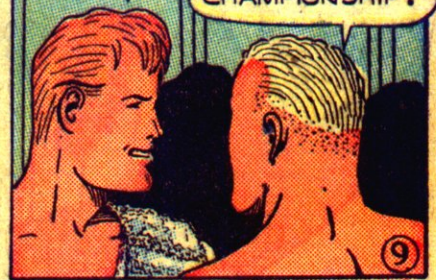
WHOOPEE! DICK COLE SETS A NEW SCORING RECORD OF 32 POINTS!



AFTER THE GAME, IN THE DRESSING ROOM.

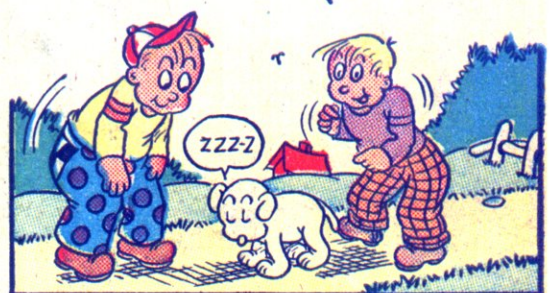
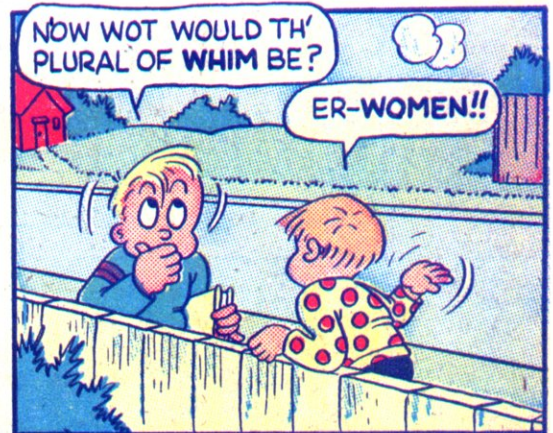
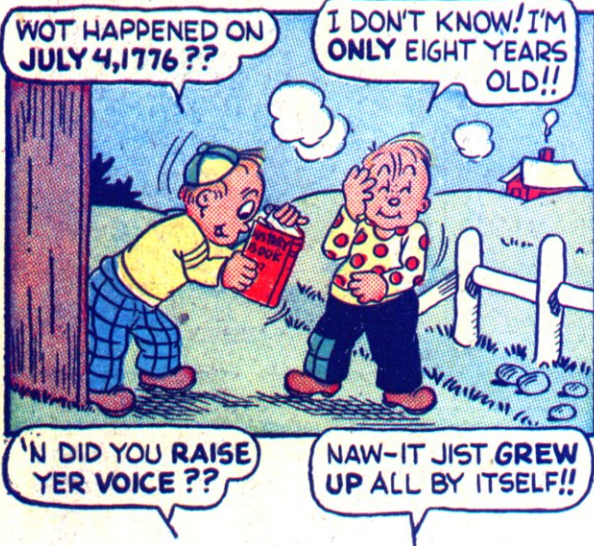
WELL, FARR WON AND HODGE LOST HIS MONEY. I'M AFRAID I CAN'T HONESTLY SAY I AM SORRY.

BOY, WERE YOU STEAMED UP OVER WIMPLE AND HODGE! AND YOU CAN THANK THEM FOR WINNING THE SCORING CHAMPIONSHIP!





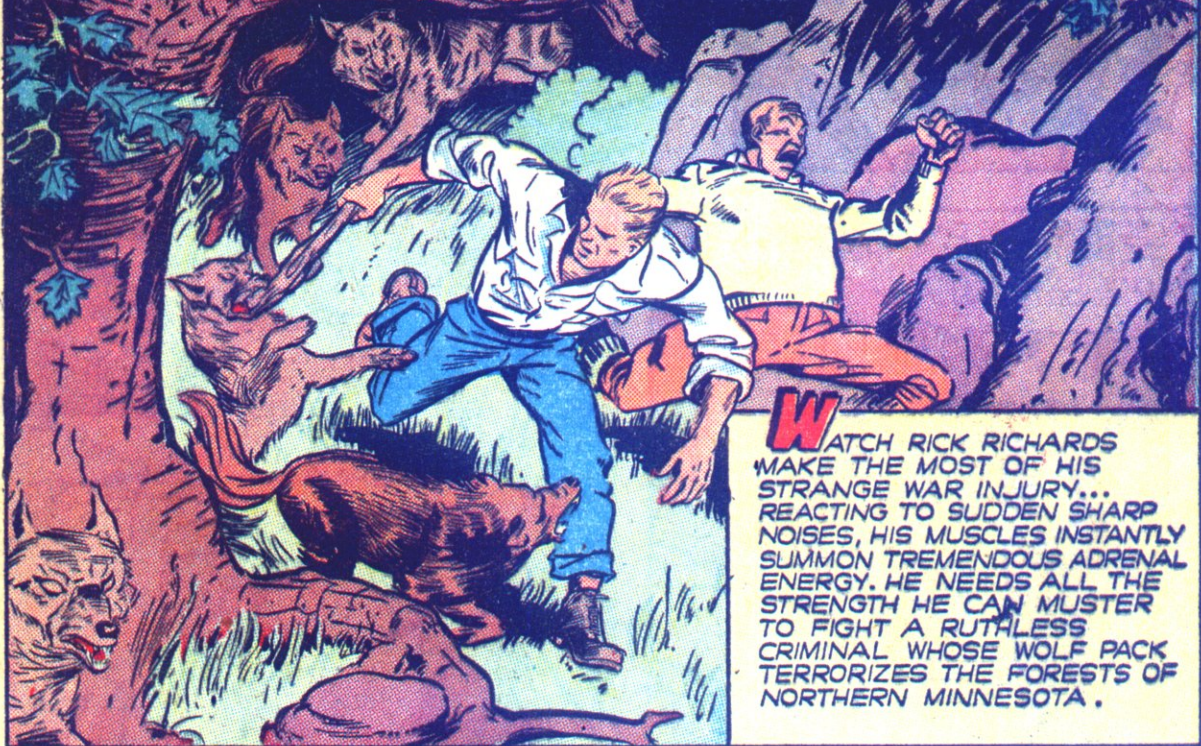
# BLUEBOLTS and NUTS



MILT HAMMER



# Rick Richards



**W**ATCH RICK RICHARDS MAKE THE MOST OF HIS STRANGE WAR INJURY... REACTING TO SUDDEN SHARP NOISES, HIS MUSCLES INSTANTLY SUMMON TREMENDOUS ADRENAL ENERGY. HE NEEDS ALL THE STRENGTH HE CAN MUSTER TO FIGHT A RUTHLESS CRIMINAL WHOSE WOLF PACK TERRORIZES THE FORESTS OF NORTHERN MINNESOTA.

FROM A SUITE HIGH IN THE RICHARDS BUILDING, RICK DIRECTS HIS FAR-FLUNG INTERESTS...

HI, WINDY! STILL ROLLING 'EM IN THE AISLES?

I'M TERRIFIC! BUT I NEED A REST! HOW ABOUT US VISITIN' MOMMA NATURE FOR A COUPLA LAZY DAYS?

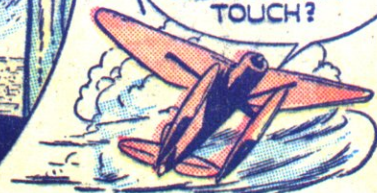
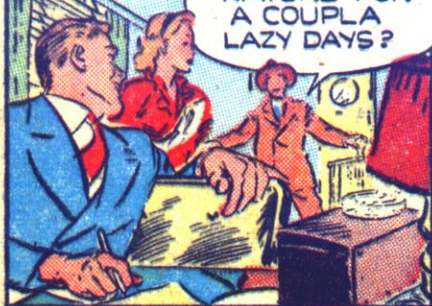
GOOD IDEA! I'M FLYING OUT TO MINNESOTA...MAYBE WE CAN SQUEEZE IN SOME FISHING AFTER I FINISH MY BUSINESS!

AH! THE LAND OF TEN THOUSAND LAKES, FAR FROM THE MADDING THROG.. LEAD ME TO IT!

RICK'S PLANE SOON SPEEDS THEM WEST-WARD!

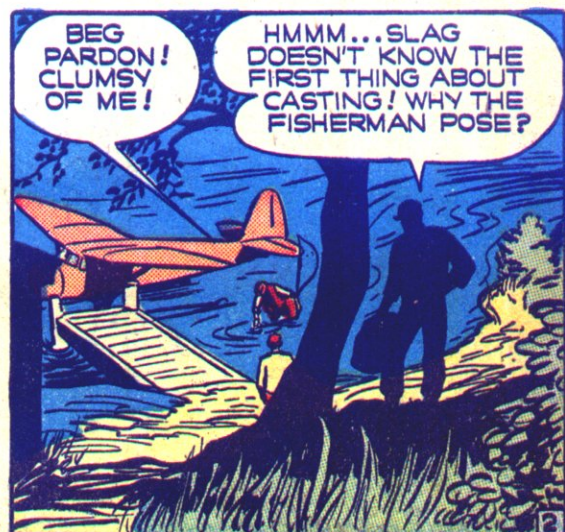
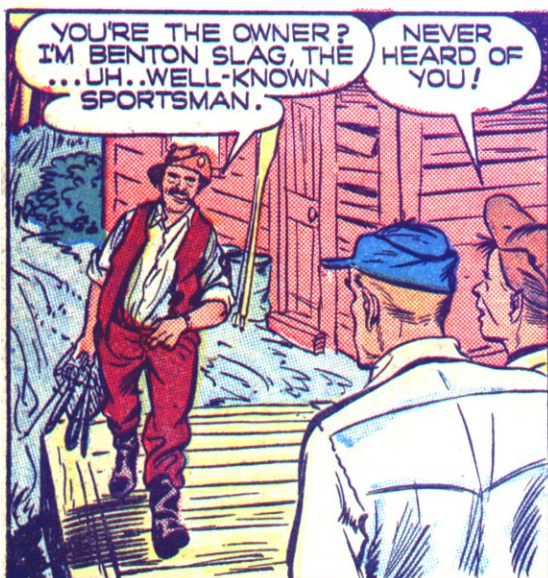
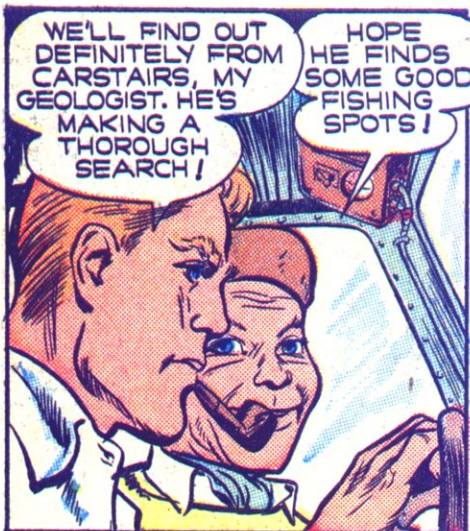
MY PROPERTY IS IN THE HEART OF THE MESABI IRON RANGE, BUT WE HAVEN'T FOUND A SPECK OF IRON ORE!

WHAT? HAS RICK THE RICH LOST HIS GOLDEN...ER... IRON TOUCH?



BLUE BOLT





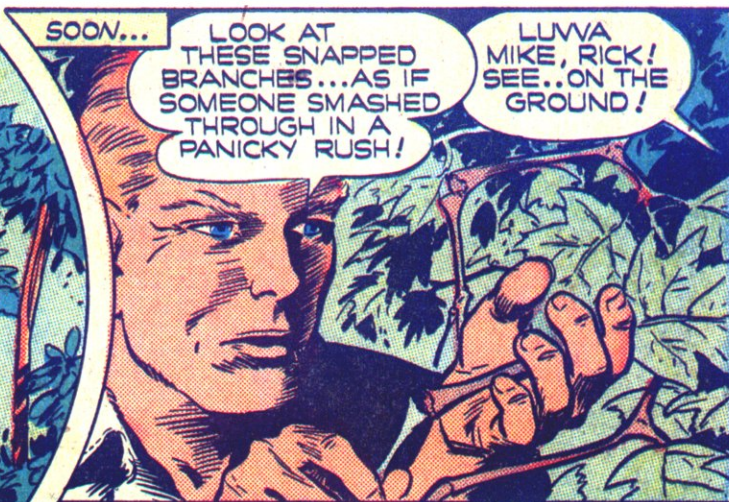




C'MON, WINDY!  
WE MAY FIND  
CARSTAIRS POKING  
ABOUT THE  
WOODS!



YE GODS!  
CARSTAIRS!  
HE'S BEEN  
TORN TO  
PIECES!



SOON...

LOOK AT  
THESE SNAPPED  
BRANCHES...AS IF  
SOMEONE SMASHED  
THROUGH IN A  
PANICKY RUSH!

LUVVA  
MIKE, RICK!  
SEE..ON THE  
GROUND!



WOLF TRACKS, AND  
THOSE ARE FANG  
SLASHES... HE WAS  
KILLED BY WOLVES!  
BUT WOLVES ARE  
ALWAYS HARMLESS IN  
THE SUMMER WHEN  
THEY GET PLENTY  
TO EAT!

HALLOO,  
THERE!



SAY! AS SOON  
AS YOUR GEOLOGIST  
ADMITS THIS LAND  
IS WORTHLESS, I'LL  
BUY IT FROM  
YOU! OKAY?

NO!  
LOOK!



OH! WHAT A GHASTLY  
ACCIDENT! BUT TIMBER  
WOLVES MAKE YOUR  
LAND EVEN LESS  
VALUABLE!

MAYBE!  
BUT I'M NOT  
SELLING!



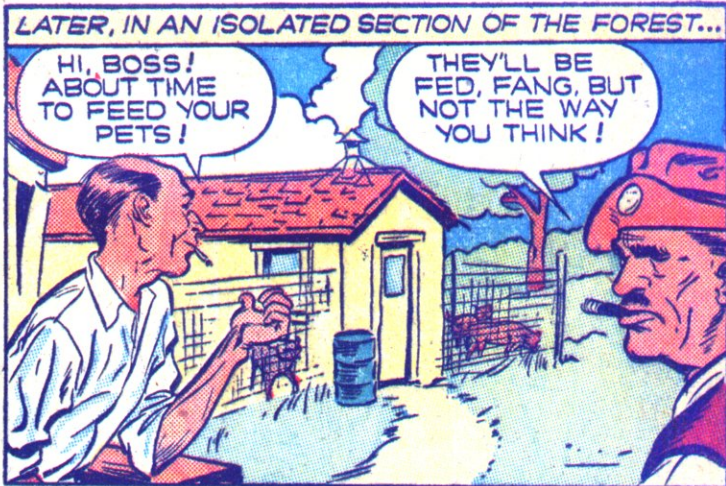
WHAT? AFTER  
THIS TRAGEDY...  
AND KNOWING  
THERE'S NO IRON  
HERE, YOU STILL  
WON'T SELL?

CORRECT!  
I'LL EXAMINE  
THIS LAND  
MYSELF BEFORE  
I'LL ADMIT IT'S  
WORTHLESS!





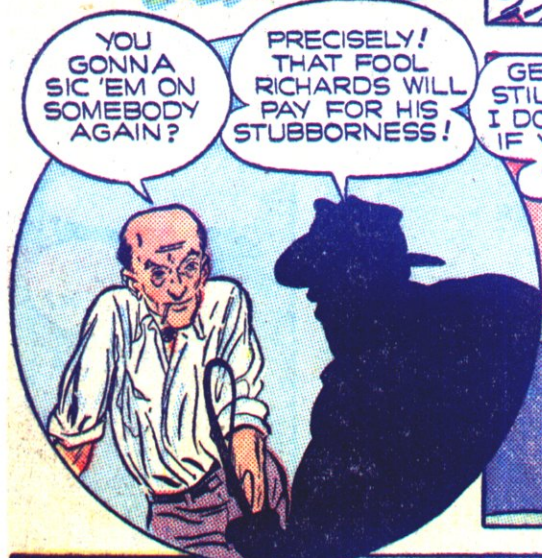
THE BLASTED IDIOT! I'LL HAVE TO GET TOUGH WITH HIM, TOO!



LATER, IN AN ISOLATED SECTION OF THE FOREST...

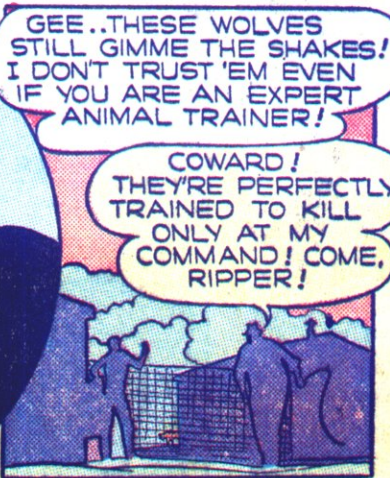
HI, BOSS! ABOUT TIME TO FEED YOUR PETS!

THEY'LL BE FED, FANG, BUT NOT THE WAY YOU THINK!



YOU GONNA SIC 'EM ON SOMEBODY AGAIN?

PRECISELY! THAT FOOL RICHARDS WILL PAY FOR HIS STUBBORNNESS!



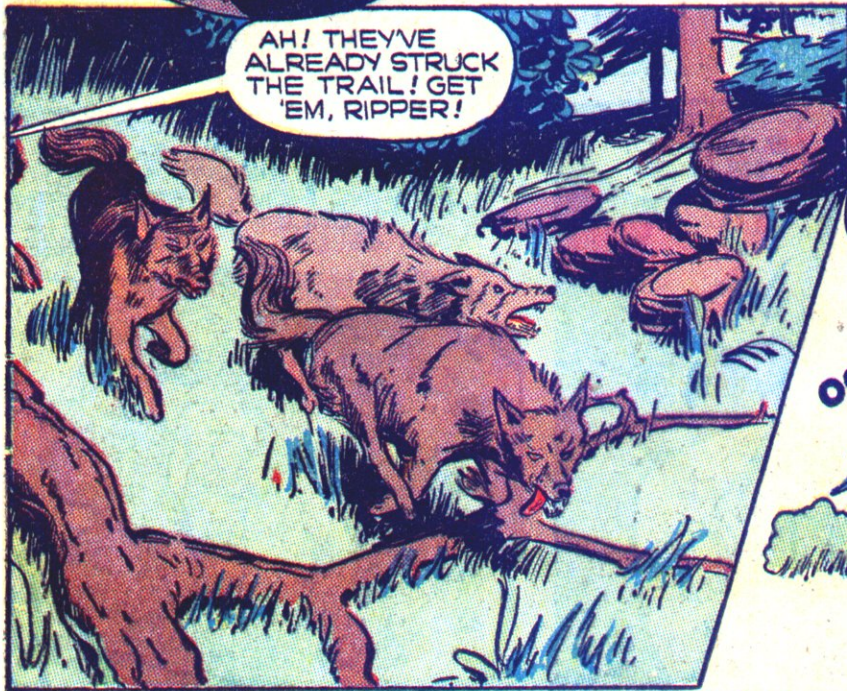
GEE..THESE WOLVES STILL GIMME THE SHAKES! I DON'T TRUST 'EM EVEN IF YOU ARE AN EXPERT ANIMAL TRAINER!

COWARD! THEY'RE PERFECTLY TRAINED TO KILL ONLY AT MY COMMAND! COME, RIPPER!



NIFTY WAY OF BUMPIN' OFF GUYS... NO FINGERPRINTS, NO CLUES..ALL THE BLAME ON THESE IGGERUNT WOLVES!

ON, PETS! TODAY YOU DINE ON MILLIONAIRE MEAT!



AH! THEY'VE ALREADY STRUCK THE TRAIL! GET 'EM, RIPPER!



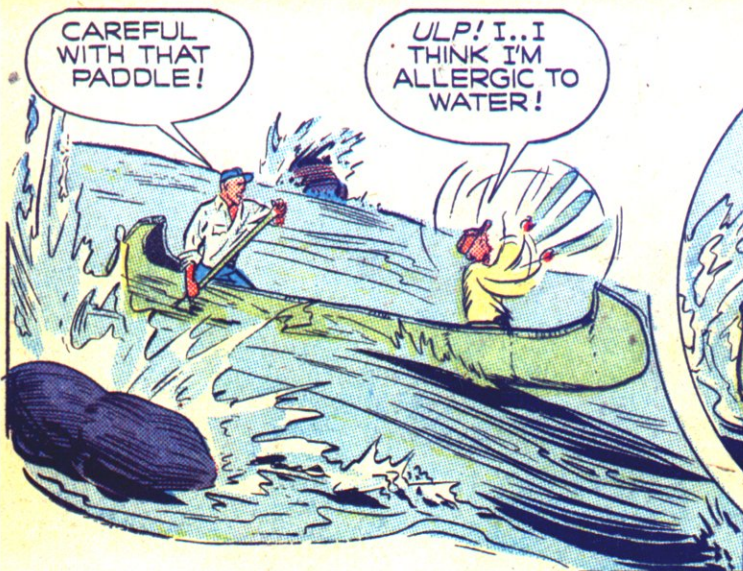
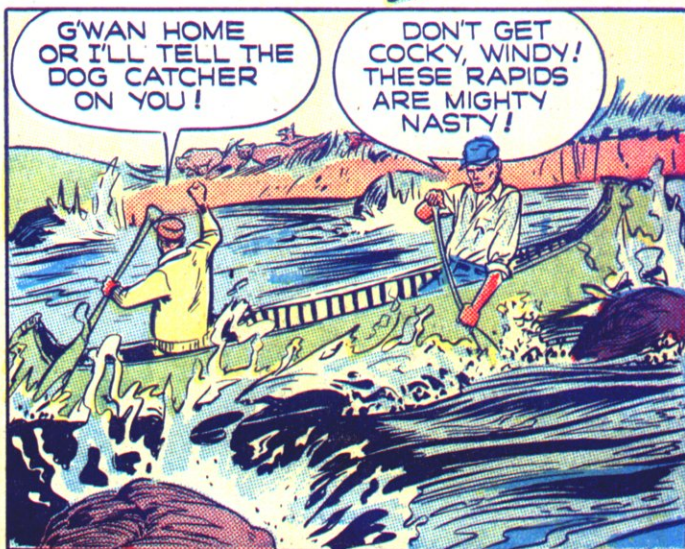
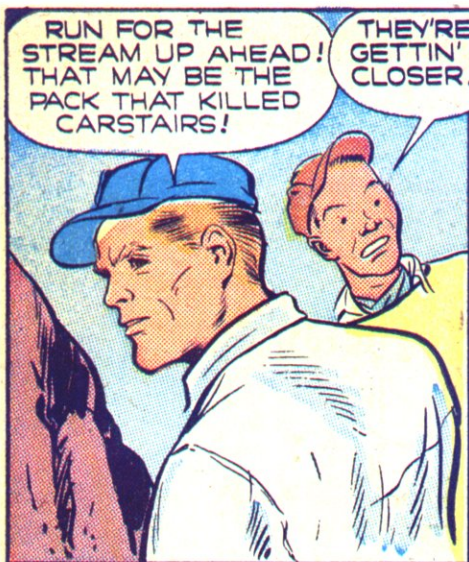
ULP! THAT AIN'T NO PEKINESE HOWLIN'!

NOT A TRACE OF IRON ORE!

OOO-OOW

QUESTION No. 6 "On the Trail" is from what piece of music?









**RICK STRUGGLES THROUGH THE SWIRLING CURRENT TO REACH UNCONSCIOUS WINDY!**

**AFTER AN EXHAUSTING BATTLE...**

WHEW! I CAN JUST ABOUT MAKE SHORE... AND THEN WHAT?

I LIKE SWIMMING, BUT THIS IS OVERDOIN' IT!

OH, OH! OUR FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS ARE STILL ON THE PROWL!



HURRY, WINDY! THEY'RE GETTING BOLDER! ONCE THEY ATTACK WE'RE DONE!

THERE'S THE CABIN AND IT'S FALLING TO PIECES!

GOSH! I CAN'T RUN ANY MORE! GUESS I'LL END UP AS WOLF RATION!

THERE'S AN OLD CABIN UP THIS TRAIL! MAYBE WE CAN BEAT 'EM OFF LONG ENOUGH TO REACH IT!

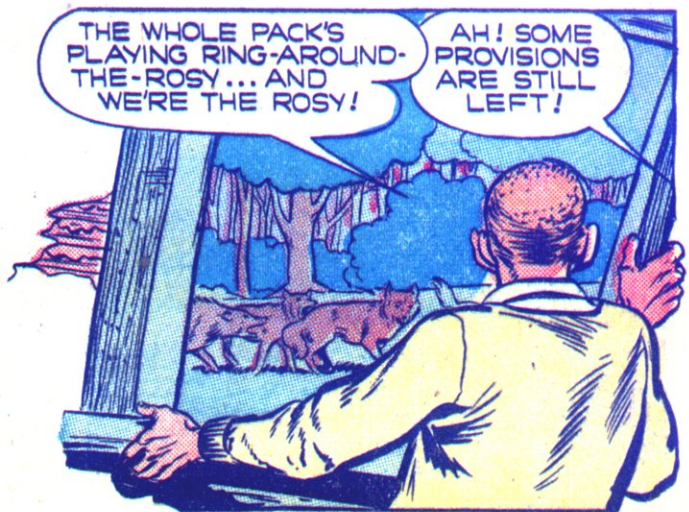






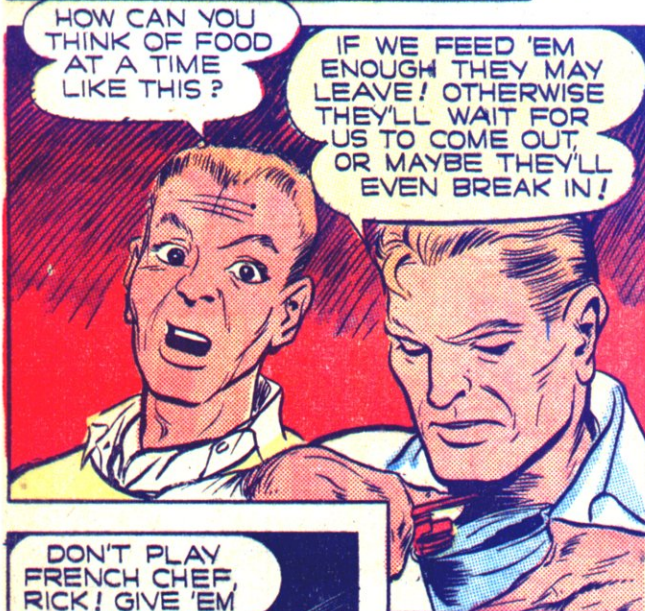
WHEN THE BIG BAD WOLF HUFFS AND PUFFS, THIS'LL COLLAPSE!

WE'VE GOT TO DRIVE 'EM OFF, SOMEHOW!



THE WHOLE PACK'S PLAYING RING-AROUND-THE-ROSY... AND WE'RE THE ROSE!

AH! SOME PROVISIONS ARE STILL LEFT!



HOW CAN YOU THINK OF FOOD AT A TIME LIKE THIS?

IF WE FEED 'EM ENOUGH THEY MAY LEAVE! OTHERWISE THEY'LL WAIT FOR US TO COME OUT, OR MAYBE THEY'LL EVEN BREAK IN!



ULP! THE WOLF'S AT THE DOOR, AND HE'S GETTING MIGHTY IMPATIENT!



DON'T PLAY FRENCH CHEF, RICK! GIVE 'EM THAT MEAT, BUT FAST!

THAT'S NOT ENOUGH TO SATISFY THEM. BUT A GOOD DOSE OF PEPPER MAY STARTLE THEM!

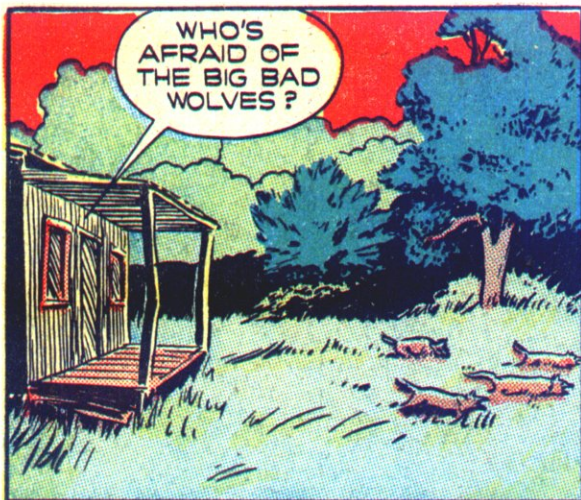


COME AND GET IT!



THE WOLVES GULP THE MEAT...AND THEN FEEL THE SEARING PEPPER!





WHO'S  
AFRAID OF  
THE BIG BAD  
WOLVES?



AH, MY PETS!  
FINISHED SO SOON?  
GOOD WORK!

SOMEBODY ELSE  
CAN FIND THE REMAINS  
OF RICHARDS! I'LL GO  
AHEAD WITH MY  
PROJECT, AND ACT  
SURPRISED WHEN THEY  
BRING IN THE BODIES.



GET RID  
OF THESE WOLVES!  
THEIR JOB IS FINISHED!  
WE START THE PROJECT  
IMMEDIATELY!

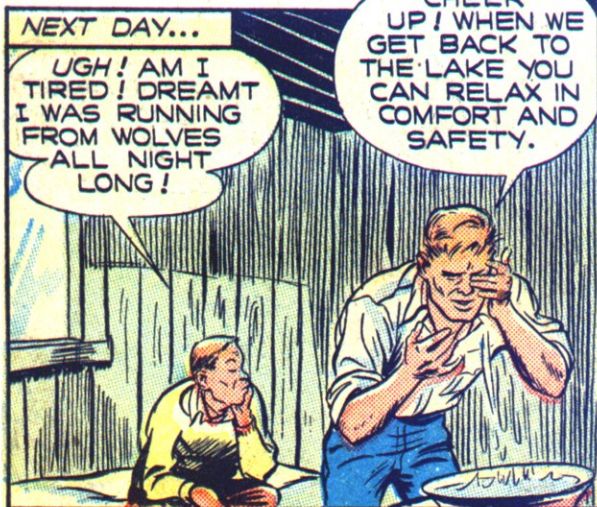


EVERYTHING'S  
READY TO MOVE  
IN, BOSS.

MEANWHILE...

GEE! I  
CAN HARDLY  
WAIT!

TOO  
LATE TO  
RETURN  
TO USHER  
LAKE. WE'LL  
STAY HERE  
TONIGHT!



NEXT DAY...

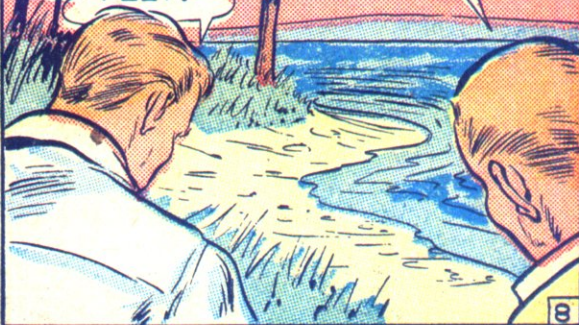
UGH! AM I  
TIRED! DREAMT  
I WAS RUNNING  
FROM WOLVES  
ALL NIGHT  
LONG!

CHEER  
UP! WHEN WE  
GET BACK TO  
THE LAKE YOU  
CAN RELAX IN  
COMFORT AND  
SAFETY.

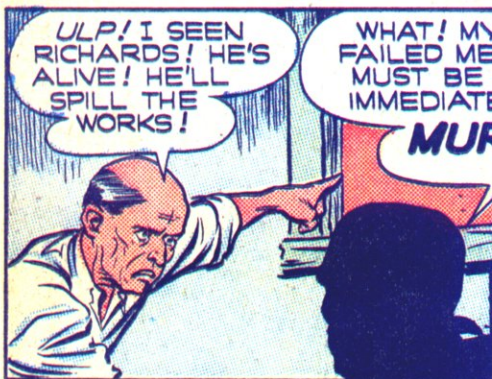
LATER, RICK  
AND WINDY  
REACH THE  
SHORES OF USHER LAKE.

THE WATER  
LEVEL'S DROPPED  
MORE THAN TWO  
FEET!

SOMEBODY  
MUST BE  
MIGHTY  
THIRSTY!



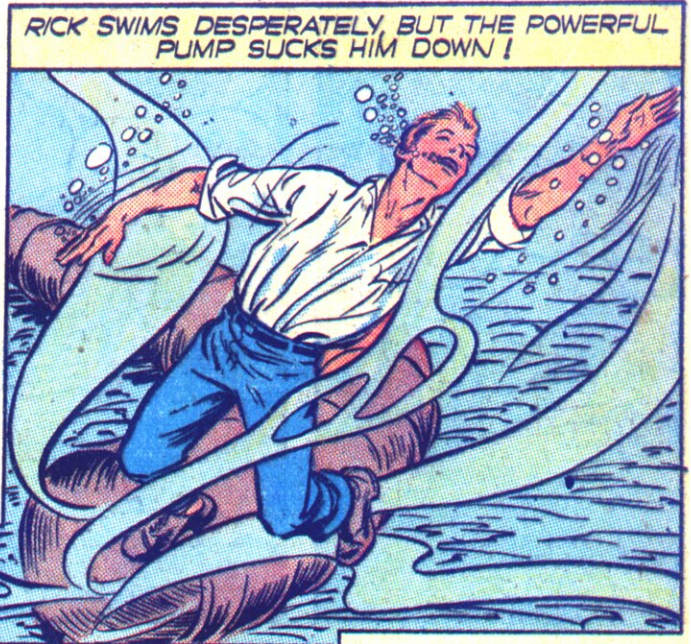








WITH THE PUMPS ON FULL FORCE, HE'LL BE SUCKED TO THE BOTTOM. HE HASN'T GOT A CHANCE!



RICK SWIMS DESPERATELY, BUT THE POWERFUL PUMP SUCKS HIM DOWN!



ONCE I'M SUCKED INTO THAT TUBE, I'M A GONER! THIS SUCTION'S TOO STRONG FOR ME!



WHEN I WAS A KID WE MADE QUITE A NOISE UNDER WATER BY CRACKING TWO STONES TOGETHER!

MEANWHILE, WINDY TRIES TO ESTABLISH HIS IDENTITY!



AS USUAL, THE SHARP NOISE BRINGS ON AN EXTRA-LARGE SHOT OF ADRENAL ENERGY! RICK'S REVIVIFIED MUSCLES SHOOT HIM TO THE SURFACE!



BUT I'M THE FAMOUS COMIC...LISTEN! J'EVER HEAR THE STORY ABOUT MAT AND PIKE...I MEAN PAT AND HIKE...I MEAN...

SHUT UP! THROW HIM IN TOO, MEN!

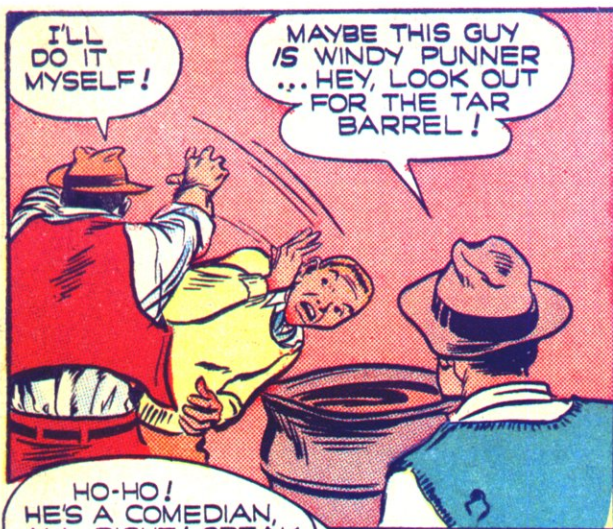


I...ULP! HALP! I CAN'T.. BREATHE!



HAW-HAW! SO NERVOUS HE'S STRANGLIN' HIMSELF!





I'LL DO IT MYSELF!

MAYBE THIS GUY IS WINDY PUNNER ... HEY, LOOK OUT FOR THE TAR BARREL!

HO-HO! HE'S A COMEDIAN, ALL RIGHT! SPEAK UP, PUNNER!

NOW YOU SPEAK UP, SLAG!

TELL HOW YOU USED A WOLF PACK TO KILL, HOW YOU TRIED TO STEAL MY PROPERTY...AND HOW YOU'LL GET THE CHAIR!

NO!

SPLUT-T-T!

I THOUGHT SO! YOU KILLED CARSTAIRS TO GET THE REPORT ON THE ORE'S LOCATION!

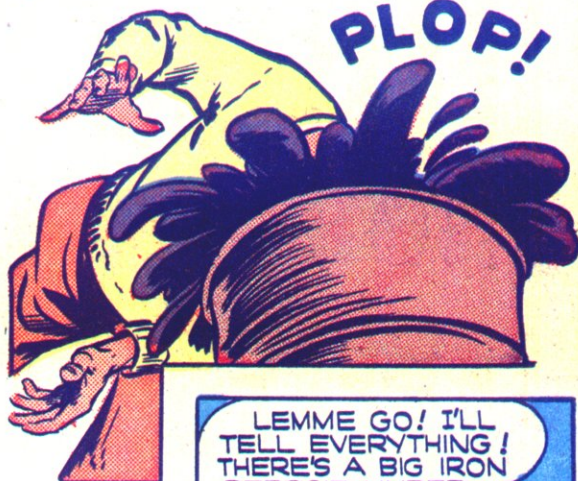
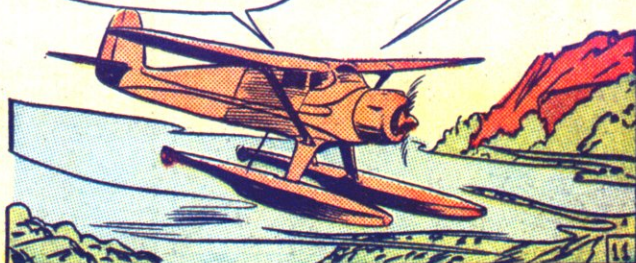
WHAT'S MORE, YOU NEARLY GAVE ME A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN! GOOD THING MY FANS CAN'T SEE ME NOW!



LATER...  
HOMEWARD BOUND...

AN INTERESTING FEW DAYS, EH, WINDY? NOW THOSE TWO CRIMINALS ARE IN JAIL, AND WE'VE GOT A RICH NEW MINE TO WORRY ABOUT!

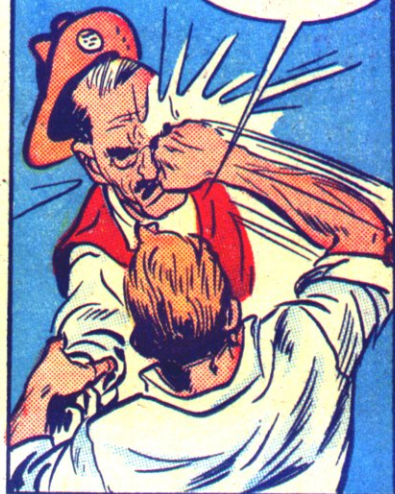
SWELL...ONLY TAKE ME HOME FAST! I WANNA GET BACK TO WORK WHERE I CAN RELAX!



PLOP!

LEMME GO! I'LL TELL EVERYTHING! THERE'S A BIG IRON DEPOSIT UNDER THE LAKE...THAT'S WHY WE'RE DRAINING IT, AND...

THIS IS A REAL PLEASURE!





# HEATHCLIFF THE HOBO



GET MOVIN'!  
I DON'T ALLOW NO  
LOITERIN' AROUND  
HERE!



HOWDY, STRANGER!  
WHY AIN'T YA HOME?

I HAVEN'T GOT  
A HOME.

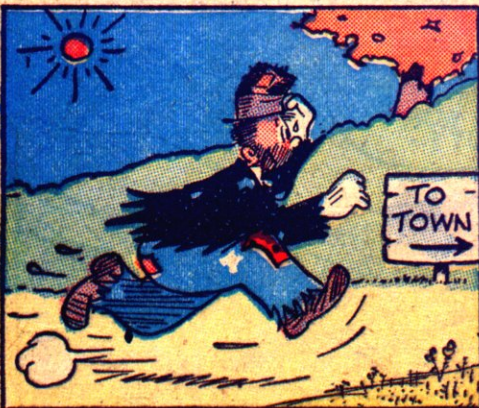
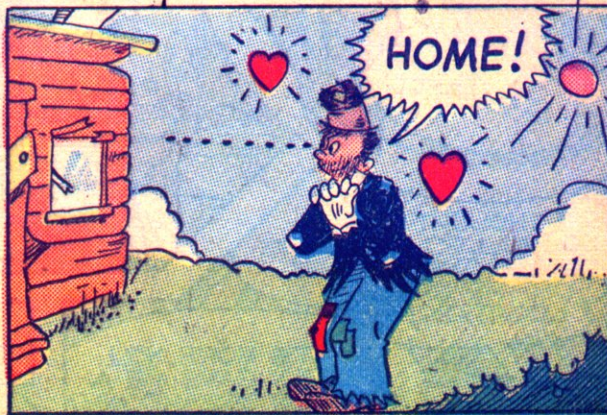


WHY DON'T YOU USE  
THAT OLD SHACK!!  
NOBODY'S BEEN  
THERE FOR YEARS..

GEE,  
THANKS!

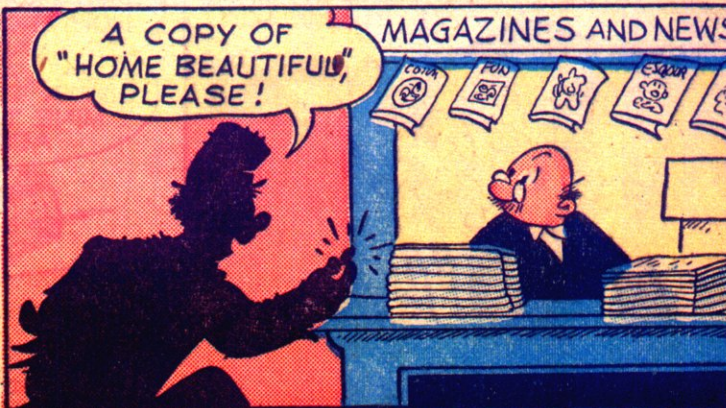


HOME!



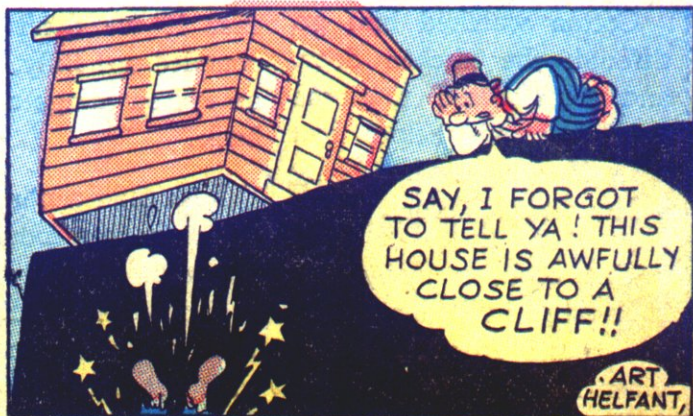
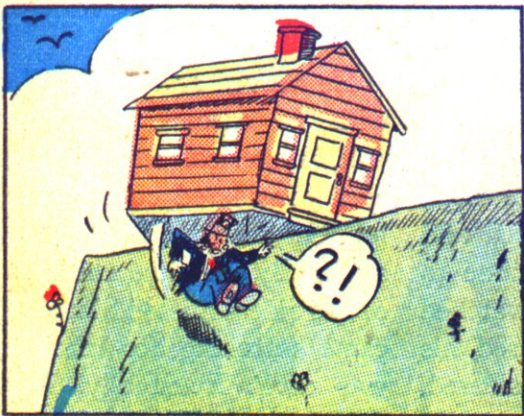
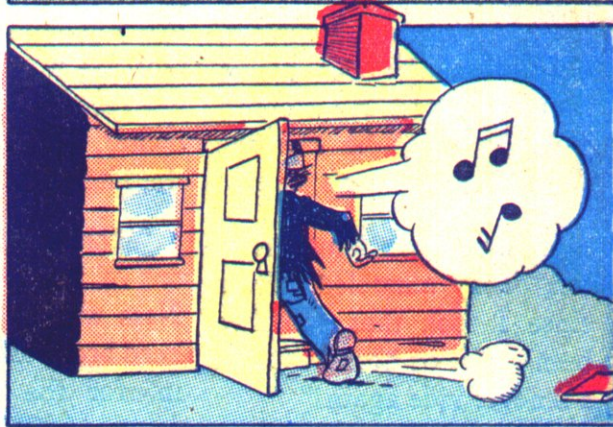
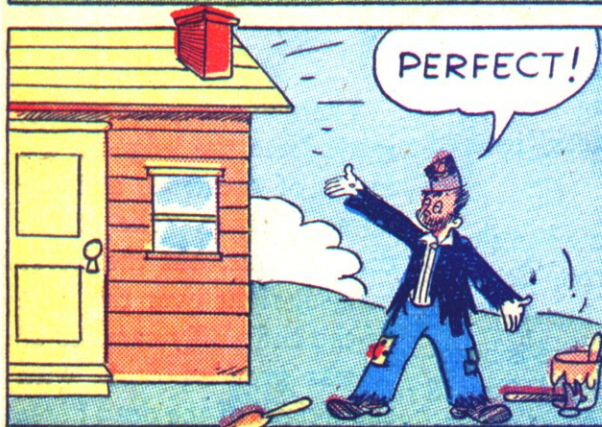
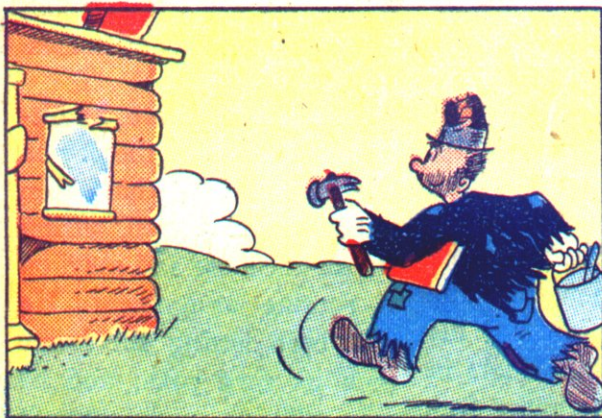
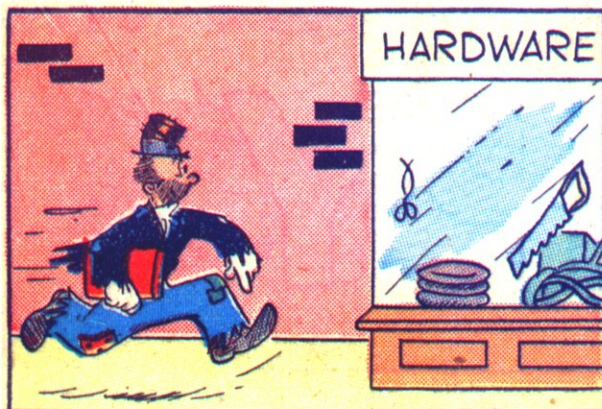
A COPY OF  
"HOME BEAUTIFUL"  
PLEASE!

MAGAZINES AND NEWS



**Q** UESTION  
No. 10. Who played the part of Heathcliff in the movie, "Wuthering Heights"?







# GIMPY



**B**ILLY was limping across the sun-baked ranch yard toward the kitchen when a rider clattered past. Frantically, the boy hobbled toward the safety of the porch, to get away from the menace of the flashing hooves.

A towheaded ranch head laughed heartily as Billy wiped cold sweat from his brow. "What's the matter, Billy, think he was gonna trample yuh?" He stopped laughing when he saw the agony on the other's face.

"I guess you know, Cotton," Billy mumbled. "Ever since I took that fall I've been scairt of horses! Guess I'll never ride again!"

Cotton watched him go through the kitchen door, and remembered that the limping cook's helper had been a fearless top hand only a few months before.

The cook, a burly and sour-faced individual, looked around from the stove when he heard Billy enter. "Bout time yulr got back, Gimpy! Start skinnin' them

spuds. When yuh get that done I'll think of somethin' else!"

Billy gritted his teeth at the nickname but obediently sat down and started peeling the potatoes that were heaped in the bin. He hated the cook but he knew that the cook was just working his resentment against riders in general while he had a former top hand under his control. He was startled out of his reverie when the ranch owner, Tom Ness, entered the kitchen.

"Hold the chow and shuck out of that apron, Cooky!" Ness was in a hurry. "The herd broke loose and is headin' for the brush! They'll scatter from here to break-fast if we don't get 'em rounded up! Billy, you keep an eye on things till we get back!"

Less than a minute later, the crew was mounted and ready to go. Billy came to the doorway and watched them leave. He cursed his luck but then reconsidered. It wasn't his luck, or even his gimpy leg, that was to

blame. His leg could stand it, but his nerve was gone; he was scared sick of horses.

As he stood there, he bitterly remembered the day of the accident. He had been riding the cliff trail, sitting the saddle loose and easy, on a routine assignment. He had been letting the horse pick its own path, and he was rolling a smoke when it happened.

There had been a warning rattle from the ledge on the inside of the trail, and the horse jumped. The snake didn't strike, but the horse bucked, right over the edge of the cliff. Billy came to as it was growing dark, with the weight of the dead horse lying across his crushed leg.

He heaved and squirmed, with no success. For one wild hysterical instant, he even considered cutting the leg, but then he passed out again. By the time the rest of the riders missed him and came searching for him, it was dark. Eventually they found him and carried him back to the ranch.



The leg healed slowly, but the scar it left on his memory stayed fresh and raw. He knew that the leg was well enough for him to go back to his riding, but he had used the leg as an alibi and asked the boss to put him to work in the kitchen.

Billy shrugged and went back to the kitchen to work on the potatoes. He worked a while, then hitched around to get more light from the window. Suddenly he glanced at the overcast sky and dashed wildly for the door. It wasn't overcast, it was smoke! A gigantic pall of smoke mushrooming up from the south, fed by a wall of crackling flames at the bottom of the column.

Billy glanced about wildly, uncertainly. The horses in the corral were dashing about, whinnying their alarm. The wind was from the south and, even as he looked again, the blaze was sweeping closer. In less than an hour, the ranch would be a smoking skeleton. It would take a full crew of determined men to save the ranch.

Billy ran for the corral. At least the horses could be given a chance for freedom. He swung the gate open and the horses streamed out, all but the last. Billy saw that it was Star, long a favorite mount before the accident.

Billy flinched as the horse advanced toward him, but the animal only nuzzled his pocket as if to say, "I've missed my sugar, boss!"

Billy snapped his fingers. He glanced around for a saddle and, seeing none, snatched a bridle from the corral fence and threw it around the horse's neck. He mounted an instant later and started for the cliff trail.

They still talk of that breakneck ride. The cliff trail was unsafe even for a walking horse, but Billy took it at a gallop. Star seemed to sense the urgency of the ride because he never slowed. Horse and rider came down the last steep slope at full speed, to the astonishment of Tom Ness, who was directing the roundup. Billy jerked the sweat-coated horse to a sliding halt, directly in front of Ness.

"Prairie fire sweepin' for the ranch, boss! Ain't got much time. . . . See yuh back there!" Billy reined Star around and made for the slope.

Ness snapped orders to Cotton and the crew took off after Billy. They rode comparatively fresh horses, but they were far behind when Billy swung off Star in the ranch yard and ran in the bunk house for blankets.

He had them wetted down when the others thundered up.

Billy led the fight, and they finally turned the flames with the help of the wind, which changed to another quarter. The crew sat down to a late meal that night and when the cook came in the dining room with plates of meat and potatoes, he was cheered by the hungry gang. The cheers changed to guffaws when they saw the colorful shiner adorning his right eye.

"What happened, Cooky? Run into a door?"

"Wash yer face, Cooky! Maybe it'll come off with soap an' water!"

"Thet punk, Gim . . . uh . . . Billy! I tried to put 'im to work an' he swung on me!" The cook was puzzled. "I thought he was my helper, boss?"

"Heck, no, I ain't your helper! The kitchen ain't no place for a rider, is it, boss?" Billy turned to the owner for corroboration.

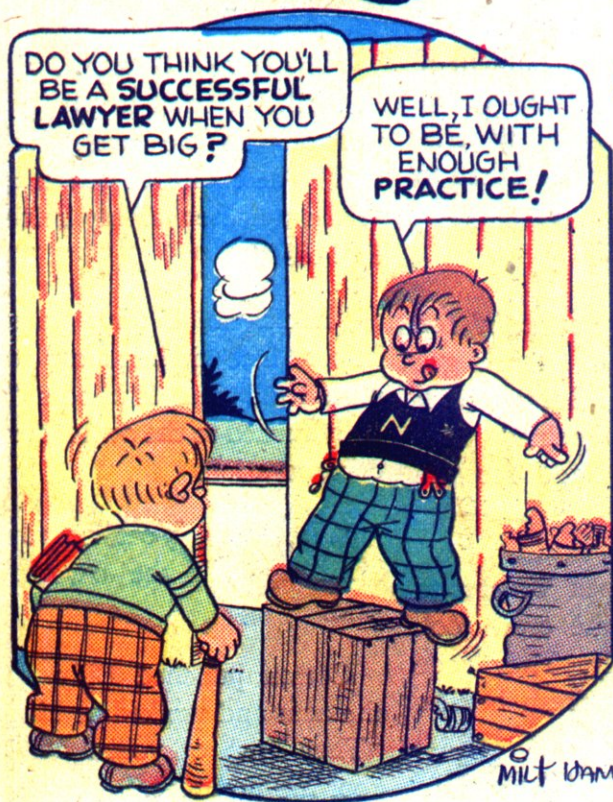
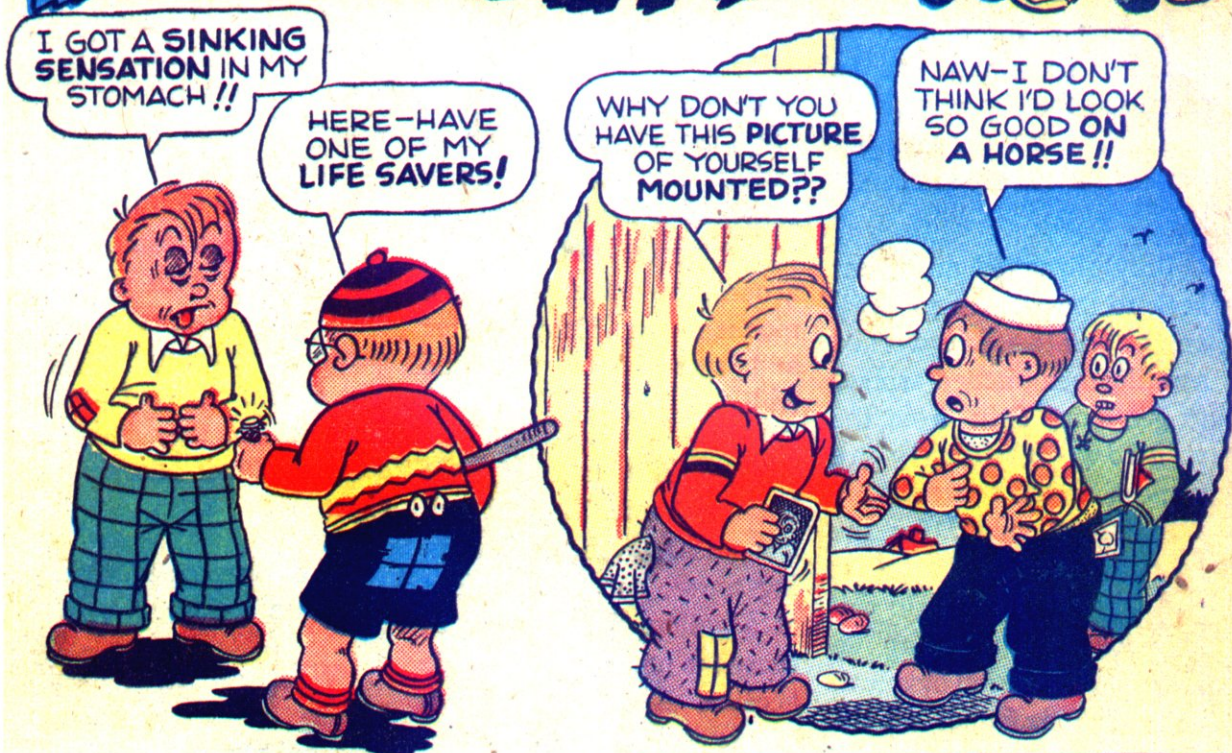
"No, Billy, you're top hand again!" the owner said.

Cotton punched Billy on the arm and winked at him. "That limp o' yours don't fool me no more."

The End.

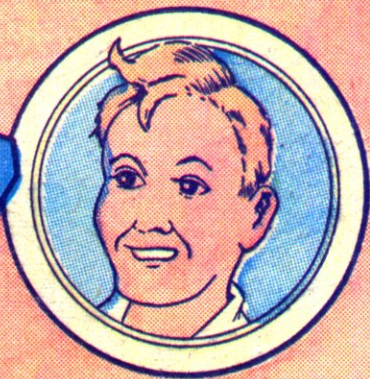


# BLUEBOLTS and NUTS





# Edison Bell



COME ON,  
YOU TWO...WE'LL  
RACE YOU TO THE  
BOTTOM!

I DON'T KNOW IF MY  
OLD SLED WILL STAND THE  
BUMPS ON THIS BURMA ROAD  
HILL, JERRY! SHE'S PRETTY  
WELL BANGED UP!

OH, COME ON!  
WE CAN'T LET  
JOE AND DICK  
BLUFF US!



HERE'S WHERE  
WE SHOW YOU  
WHAT SPEED  
MEANS,  
LITTLE  
CHUMS!

SPEED,  
HE SAYS!  
THAT  
OLD RELIC  
WILL FALL  
APART!

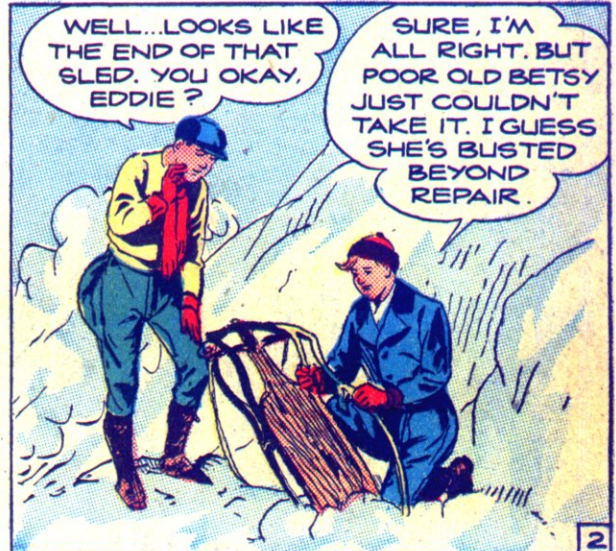
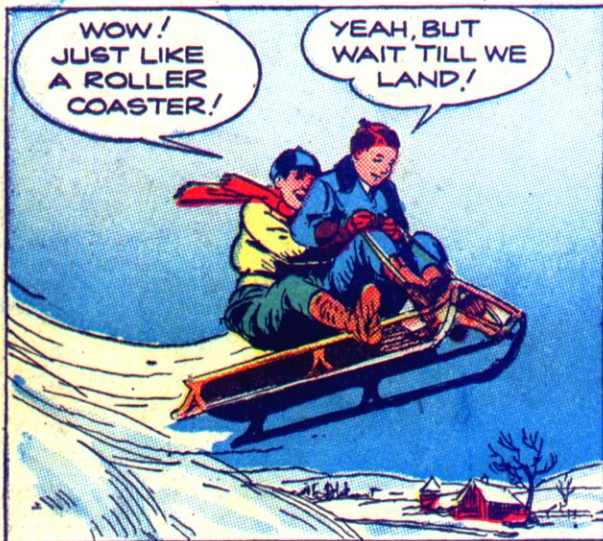
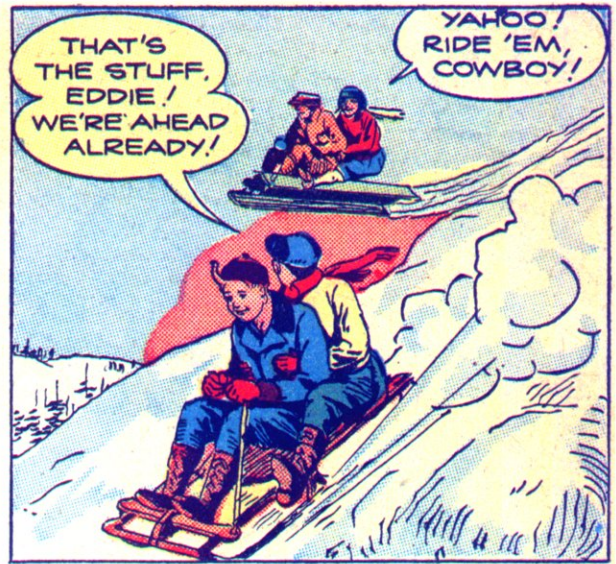
ONE...  
TWO....  
THREE.....



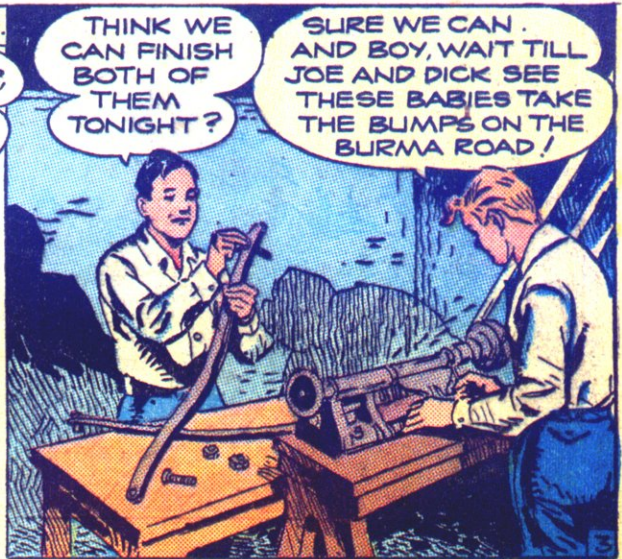
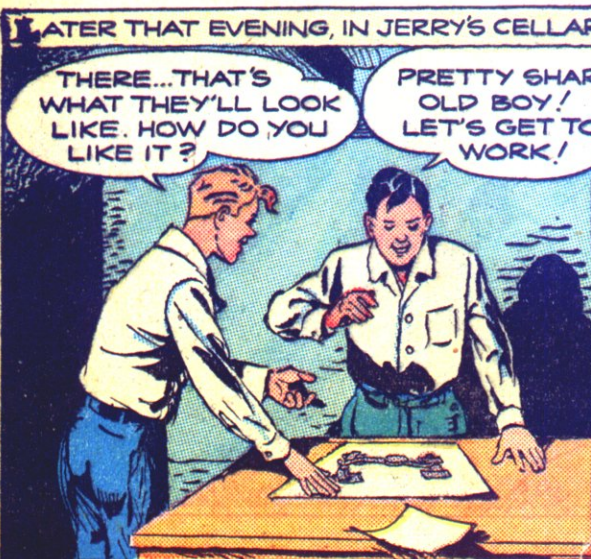
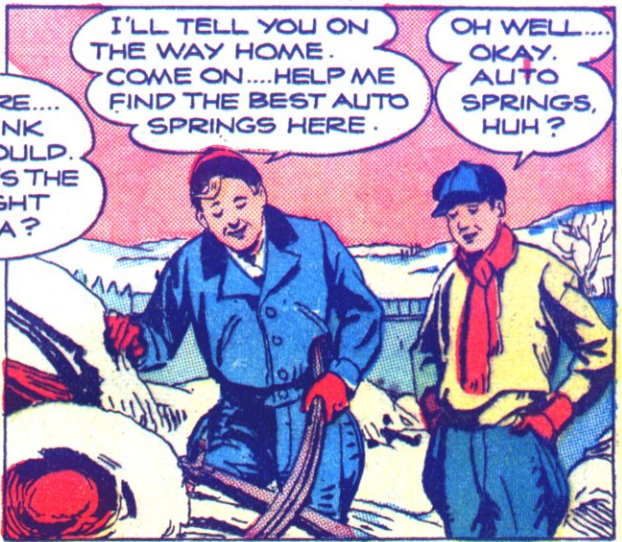
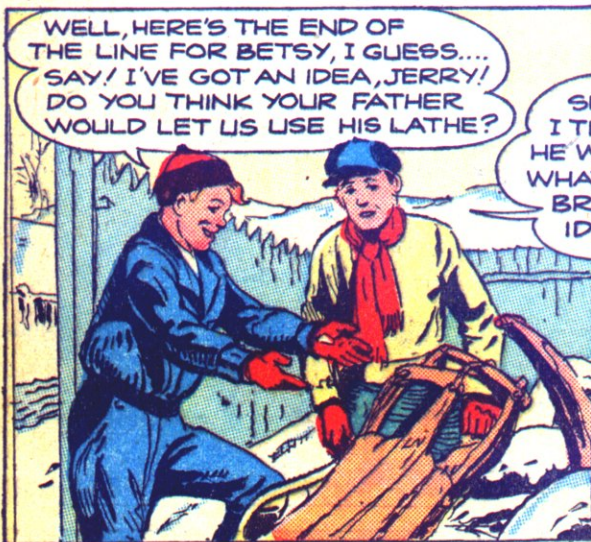
GO!



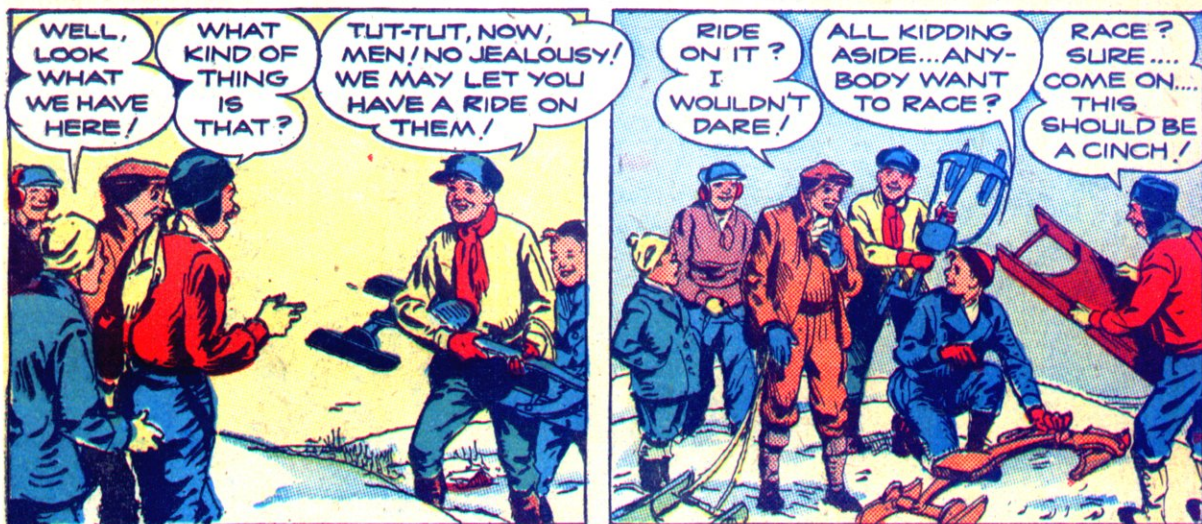




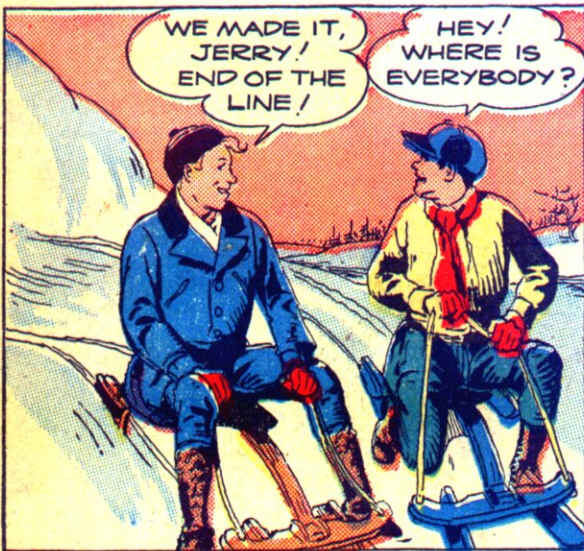
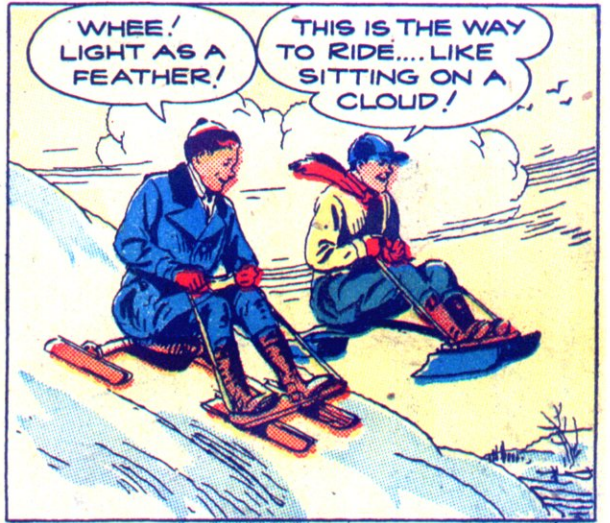
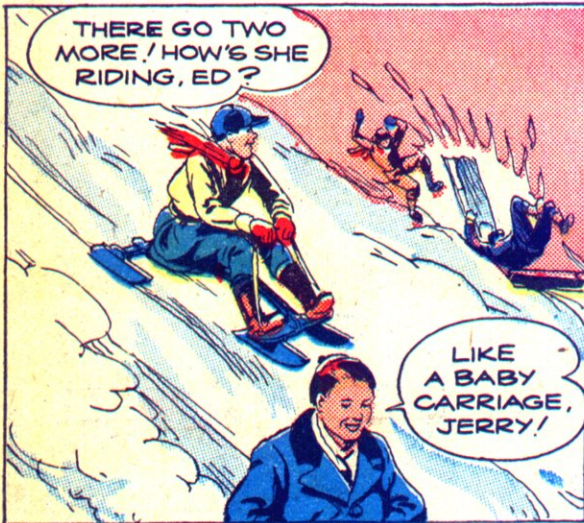










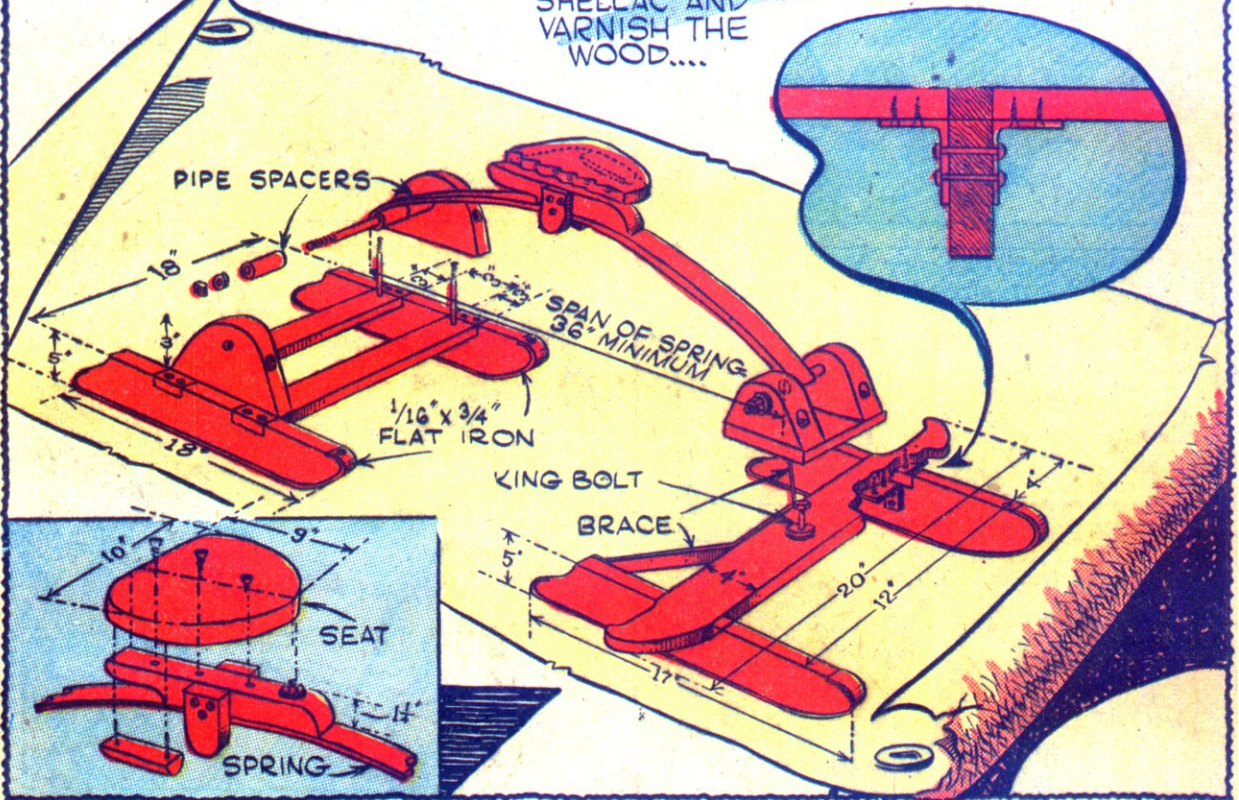




# Airflow Springsled

easy to make...

USE THE MAIN LEAF OF AN AUTO SPRING AND MOUNT ON IRON-SHOE RUNNERS AS SHOWN. SPACE THE REAR RUNNERS WIDER APART TO KEEP THE SLED FROM UPSETTING. A KING BOLT FASTENS THE SEAT TO THE SPRING, AND NARROW CLEATS UNDER THE SEAT PROVIDE HAND HOLDS. PAINT ALL IRON PARTS AND VARNISH THE WOOD....



BLUE BOLT



# BLUE BOLT

## THE AMERICAN



STILL IN RIO DE JANEIRO AFTER COMPLETING AN ASSIGNMENT FOR **GLIMPSES**, THE PICTURE MAGAZINE, BLUE BOLT RECEIVES A CABLE FROM HIS BOSS...

LEMME SEE! WHAT IS IT? A BONUS AND A MONTH'S VACATION FOR THAT NIFTY JOB WE PULLED?

HARDLY!

SOME CLEAR MOUNTAIN AIR IS JUST WHAT WE NEED, SNAP!

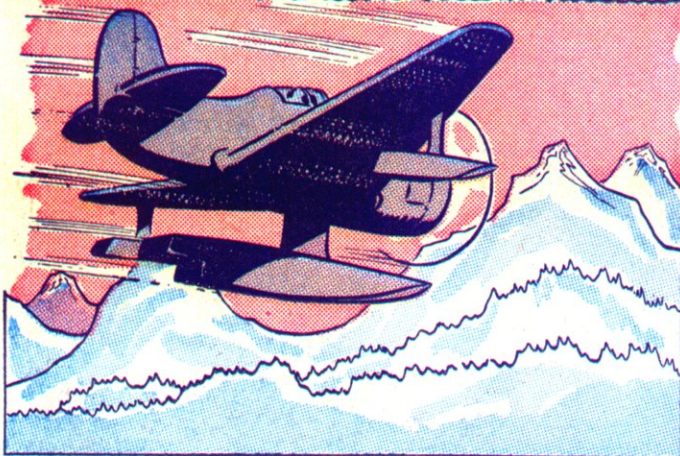
**CABLE**

BOLT FOLLOW THIS TIP STOP HERMAN VON BUTZ NOTORIOUS NAZI WAR CRIMINAL AND CONCENTRATION CAMP BUTCHER REPORTED HIDING OUT IN PUZACA A LITTLE TOWN IN THE ANDES STOP HURRY STOP

MAC REED



**A**N HOUR LATER, THE GLIMPSES PLANE WINGS TOWARD THE ANDES.



EN ROUTE YOU CAN READ ME THE CLIPPINGS THE CONSUL GAVE US ON VON BUTZ.

YEAH.. VON BUTZ WILL BE HIDING OUT UNDER A PHONY NAME, AND HE WON'T ADMIT WHO HE IS.

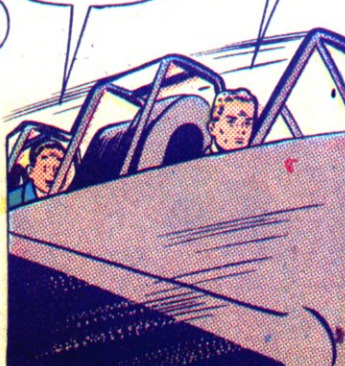


TO FIND HIM WE HAVE TO KNOW HIS APPEARANCE, AGE, HOBBIES ... EVERYTHING.

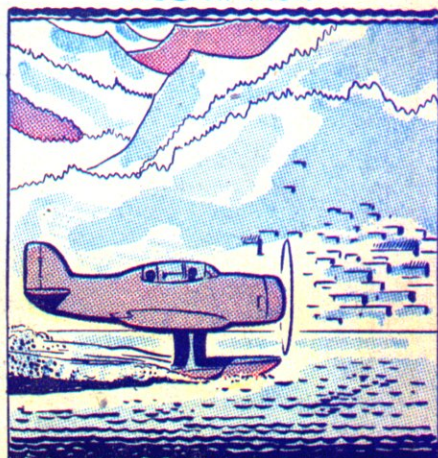
HMM.. THERE AIN'T MUCH PERSONAL DESCRIPTION HERE.. MOSTLY ACCOUNTS OF HOW MANY PEOPLE HE KILLED!

BUT IT DOES SAY HIS BIG HOBBY IS MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING.

THAT ISN'T MUCH TO WORK ON, BUT IT HELPS.



**F**INALLY, BLUE BOLT LANDS AT PUZACA, DEEP IN THE MOUNTAINS..



AT THE VILLAGE INN...

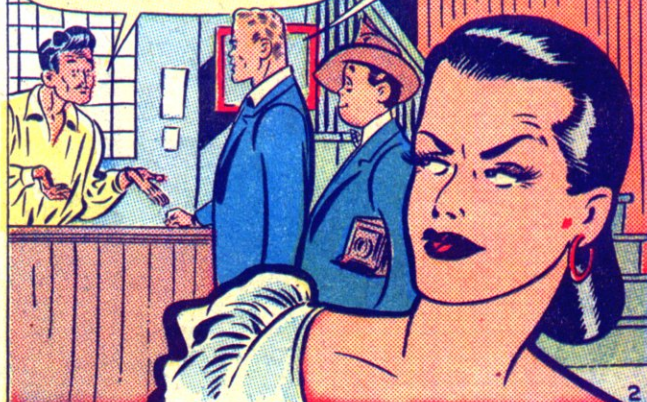
GRACIAS, SEÑOR!

ARE THERE ANY FOREIGNERS ABOUT, SEÑOR, WHO LIKE MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING?



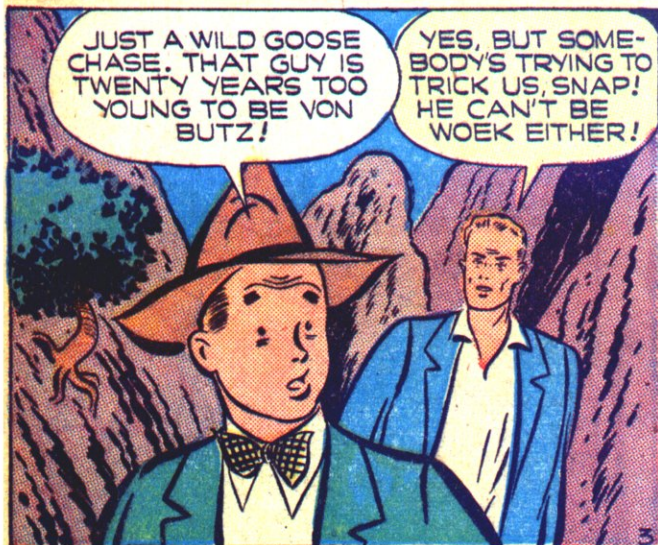
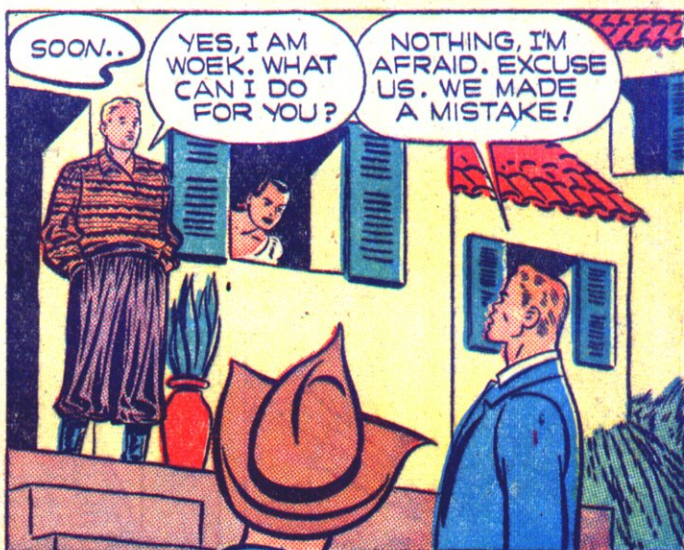
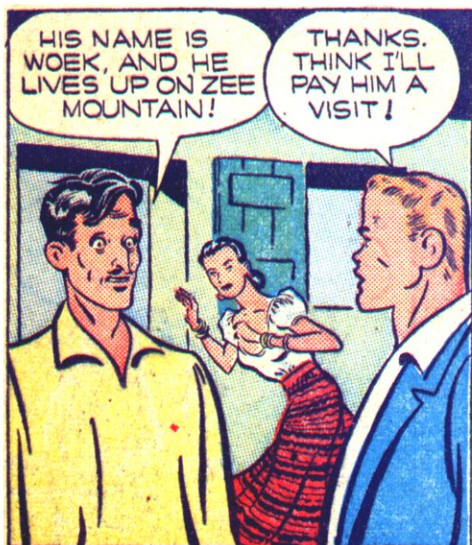
SI, THERE IS A NICE OLD SWISS GENTLEMAN WITH A MUSTACHE. ALWAYS HE CLIMBS THE MOUNTAINS!

SWISS, EH? WELL, COULD BE...

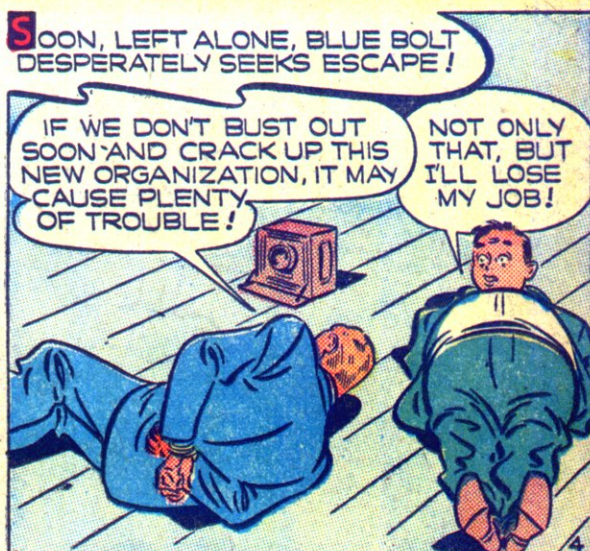
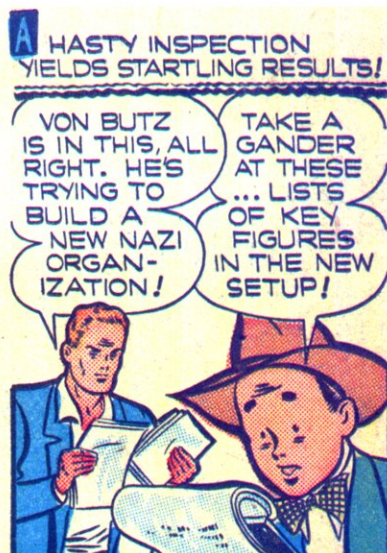
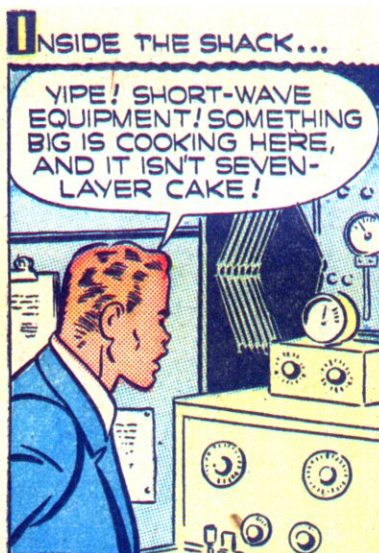


**Q**UESTION No. 13. What name is given to a state in the Swiss Confederation?

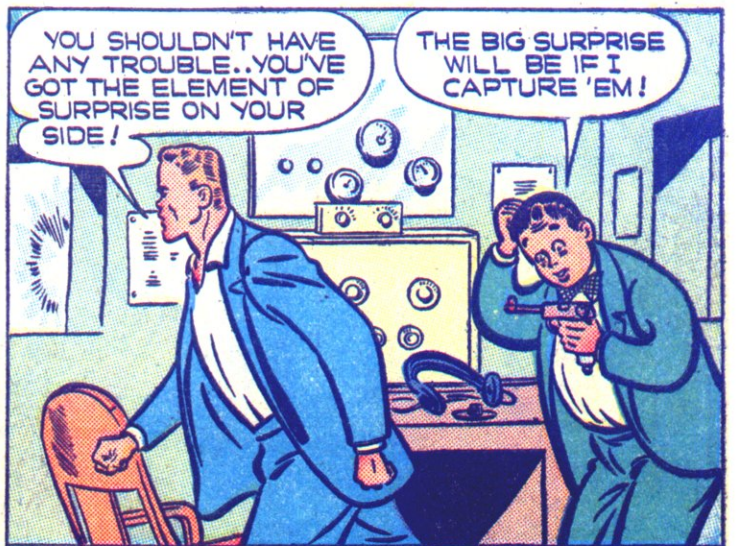
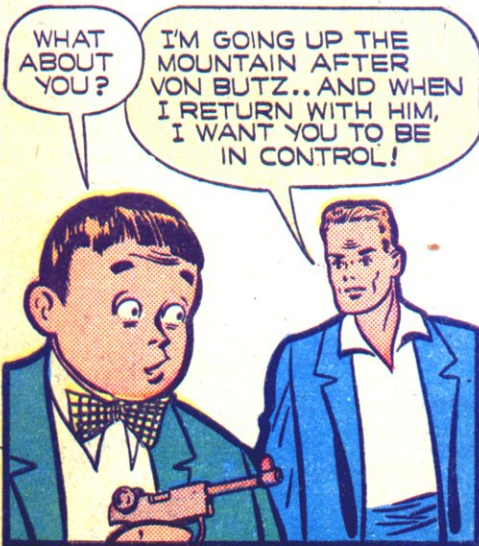
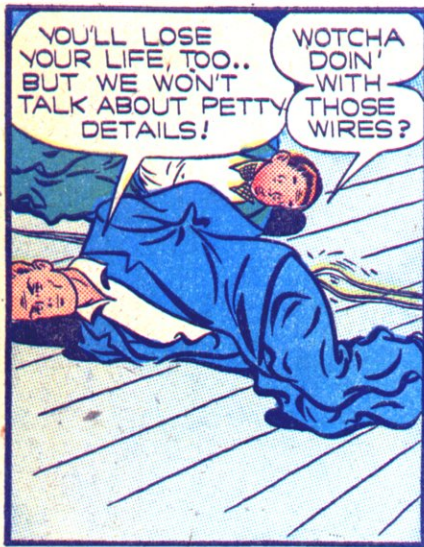




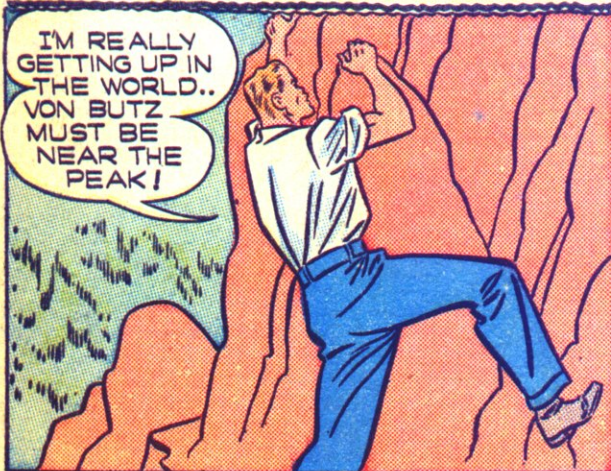








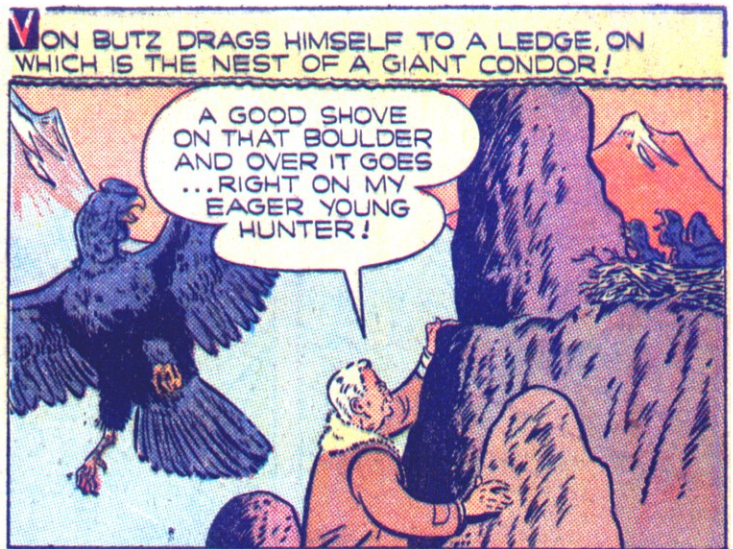
**S**OON, BLUE BOLT IS HIGH UP THE CRAGGY MOUNTAINSIDE!



**A**FTER HOURS OF RUGGED CLIMBING, BLUE BOLT SIGHTS HIS PREY!



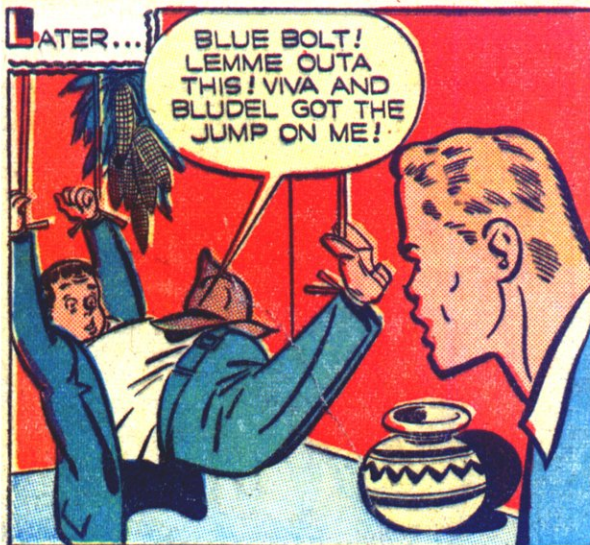




ENRAGED BY THE MENACE TO HER YOUNG, THE MOTHER CONDOR ATTACKS VON BUTZ!



VON BUTZ TOPPLES INTO THE ABYSS!



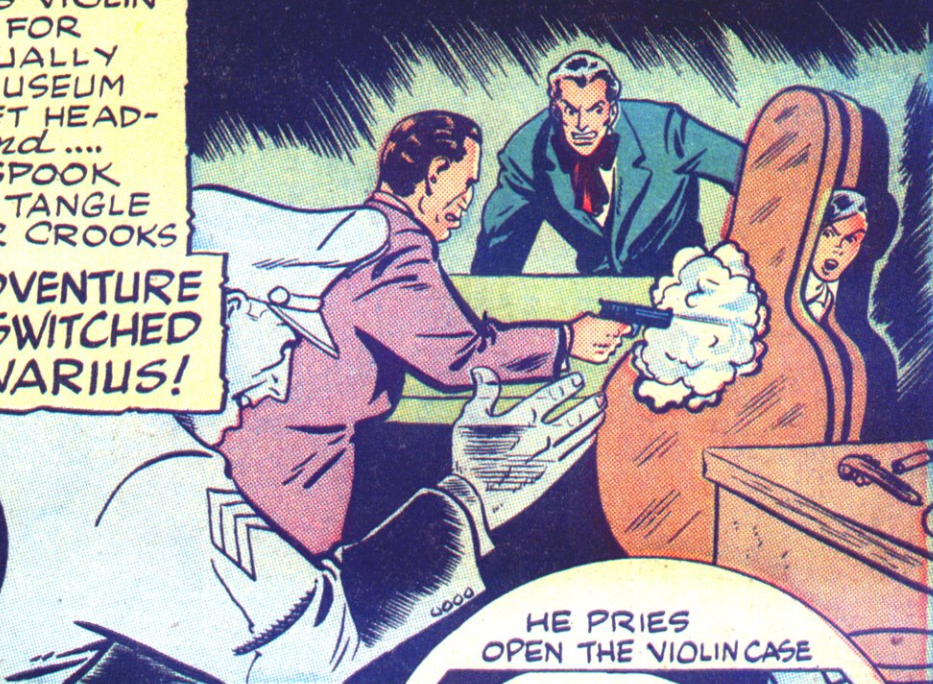


# Sergeant Spook

ART  
BY  
DON  
RICO

WHEN A PRICELESS STRADIVARIUS VIOLIN IS SWITCHED FOR ANOTHER, EQUALLY PRECIOUS, MUSEUM OFFICIALS GET HEAD-ACHES.... *and*.... SERGEANT SPOOK AND JERRY TANGLE WITH CLEVER CROOKS IN....

THE ADVENTURE OF THE SWITCHED STRADIVARIUS!



HE PRIES OPEN THE VIOLIN CASE

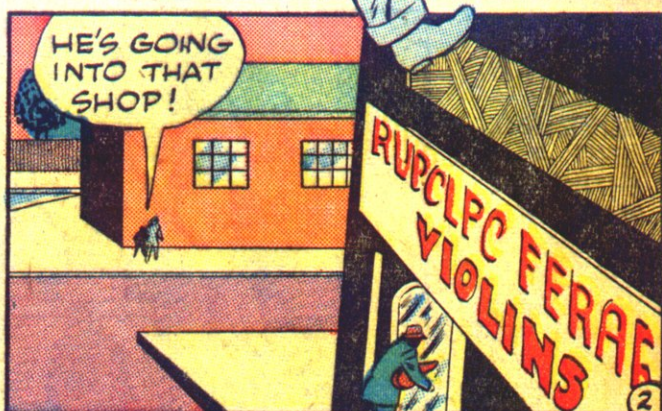
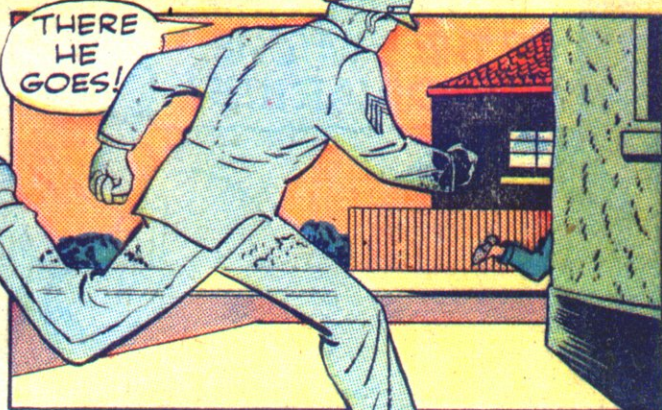
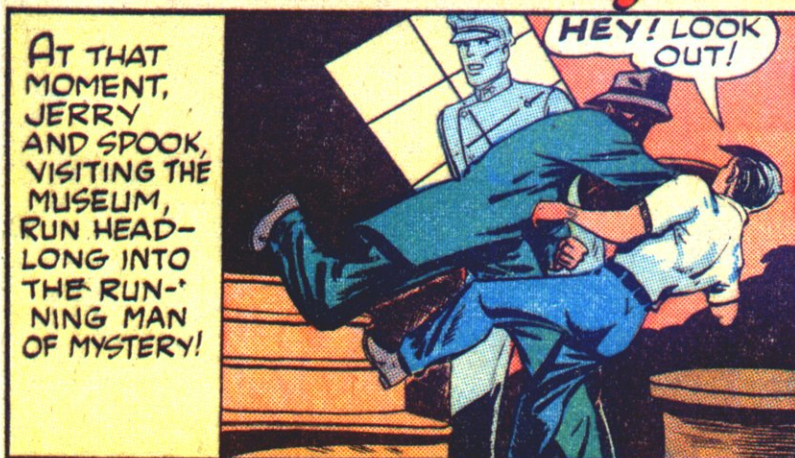
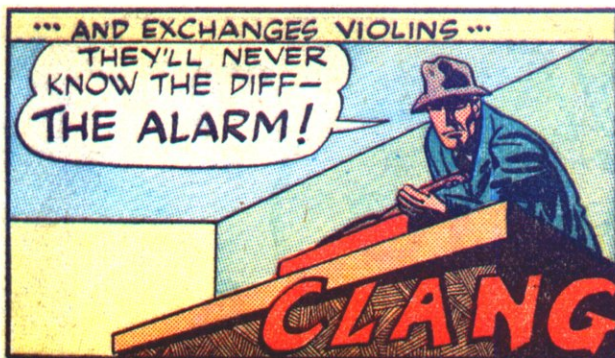
I MUST BE QUICK!

A QUIET HOUR IN A GREAT MUSEUM... AND A SINISTER FIGURE SLINKS INTO A ROOM WHICH IS A REPLICA OF THE WORK-SHOP OF STRADIVARI.

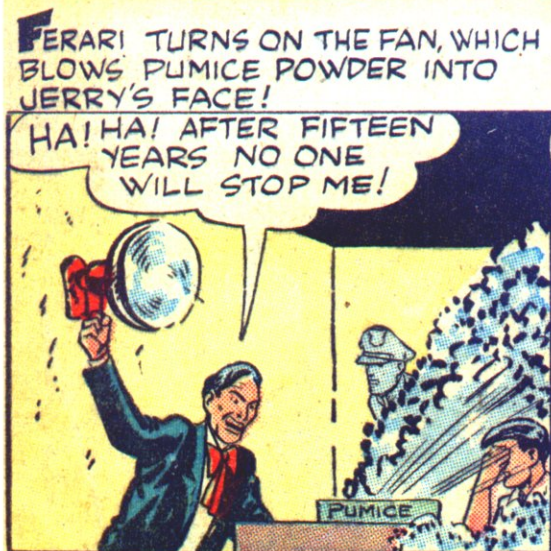


BLUE BOLT











'TIS A PUZZLE, ALL RIGHT! THE EXPERTS ARE UPSTAIRS NOW, TESTING THE VIOLIN

THAT'S RIGHT, JOE! IT'S A PUZZLE FOR OLD STRADIVARI HIMSELF! WELL-WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO OUR POSTS!



THAT GUARD IS RIGHT AS A FIDDLE, JERRY! WE WILL ASK STRADIVARI! WATCH THIS!

OH BOY!



IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE ...

HOW'S THAT FOR SPEED, JERRY? THIS IS ANTONIO STRADIVARI!

GEE!

IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME, SERGEANT!



**S**POOK TELLS STRADIVARI THE STORY...

... BUT WHY WOULD ANYONE BREAK INTO A MUSEUM TO EXCHANGE ONE STRADIVARIUS FOR ANOTHER?...



SANTA MARIA! I WONDER IF IT COULD BE...?



SIGNOR, THE LAST VIOLIN I MADE HAD A HOLLOW NECK INTO WHICH I PUT THE FORMULA FOR MY SECRET VARNISH... UNFORTUNATELY, BEFORE I COULD TELL ANYONE, I WAS FORCED TO MOVE TO GHOST TOWN!

A WELCOME ADDITION, I ASSURE YOU, SIGNOR!



I HAD PLACED A KEY, TELLING HOW TO FIND THE FORMULA BETWEEN THE PAGES OF AN OLD FOLIO! WHERE IT IS TODAY... WHO CAN SAY?

I'LL GET FERARI FOUND IT!











GET IN THERE UNTIL THE CHIEF COMES! WE'VE GOT TOO MUCH AT STAKE TO FOOL WITH YOU!



I CAUGHT THAT KID WHO THINKS HE'S A DETECTIVE! I'VE GIVEN HIM A CASE TO WORK ON!

ENOUGH OF YOUR JOKES! WHAT'S HAPPENED?



IT'S SAFE TO LOOK NOW! THE INSTRUCTIONS SAY IT COMES APART HERE!

IF THE FORMULA IS THERE, OUR FORTUNES ARE MADE!



I THOUGHT THERE WAS TOO MUCH NOISE IN HERE FOR JUST JERRY!

IT TOOK FIFTEEN YEARS, BUT IT WAS WORTH EVERY MINUTE OF IT! NOW LET'S DESTROY THE EVIDENCE IN THE CASE AND BEAT IT!



JERRY...I'M OPENING THE CLASPS! GET READY TO JUMP!



HURRY AND GET IT OVER WITH! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

OKAY, BOSS!

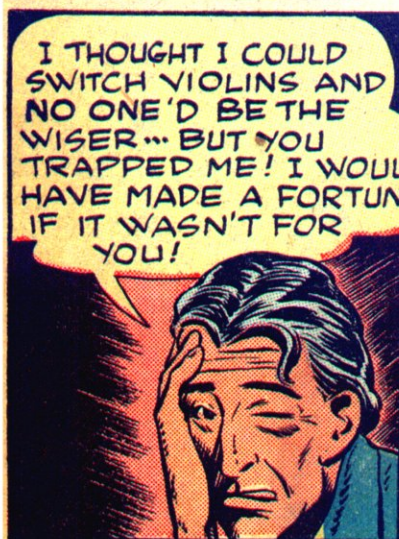
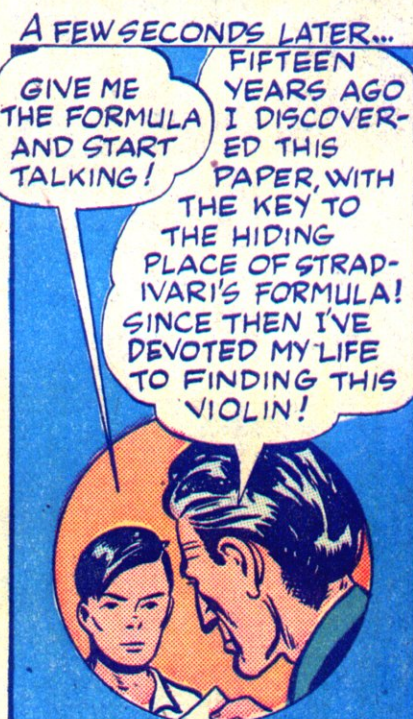
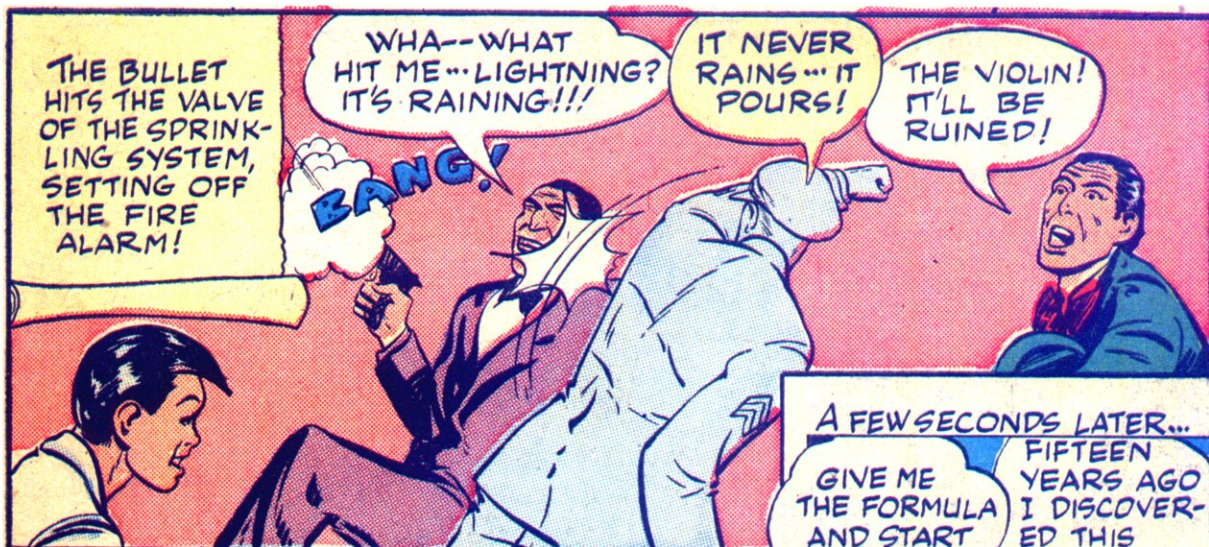
YOU'LL GET OUT.. "IN ABOUT TWENTY YEARS!



OW!

THANKS, SPOOK!







# BLUEBOLTS and NUTS

by  
MILT HAMMER

GOT SICK EATIN' EGGS,  
HUH? TOO BAD !!!

NAW-ONLY  
ONE !!!

I SWALLOWED A  
DIME LAST NIGHT !!

GEE, I DON'T SEE  
ANY CHANGE IN YOU!!

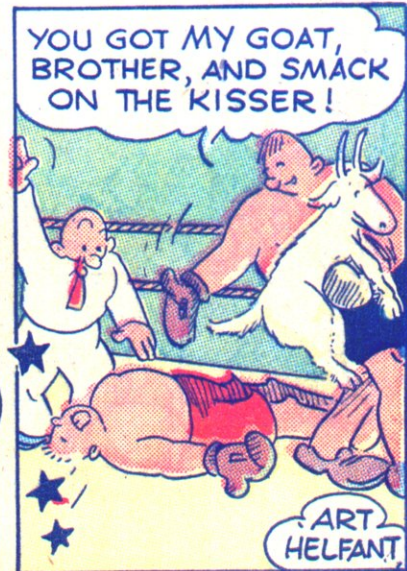
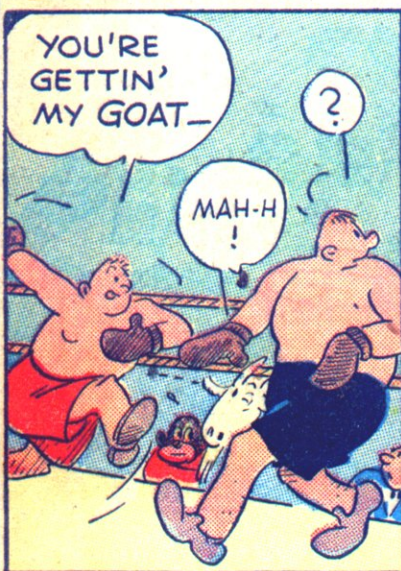
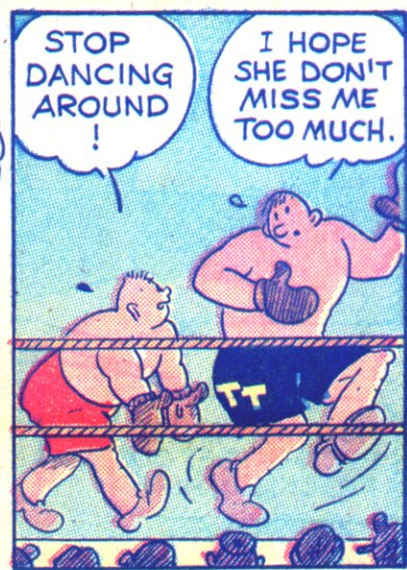
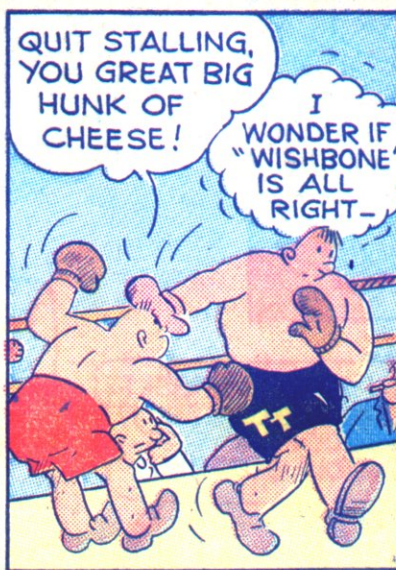
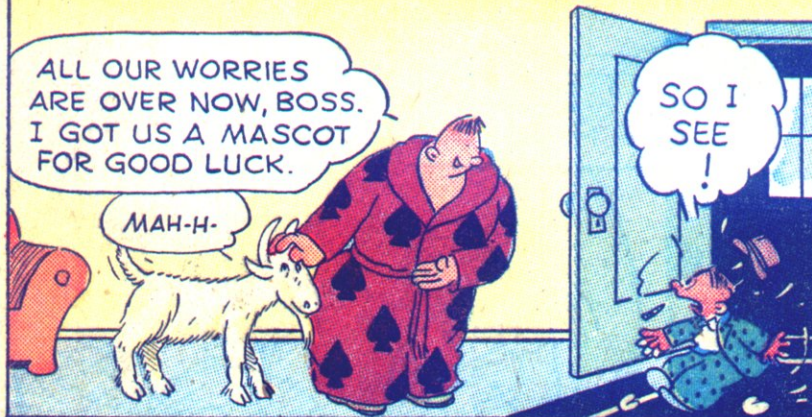
WHAT D'YA MEAN YER POP'S  
BUSINESS IS ON TH' ROCKS?

OH, HE BUILDS  
LIGHTHOUSES!

ISN'T IT FUNNY THAT WHEN  
WATER FREEZES, IT ALWAYS  
FREEZES WITH TH' SLIPPERY  
SIDE UP ???

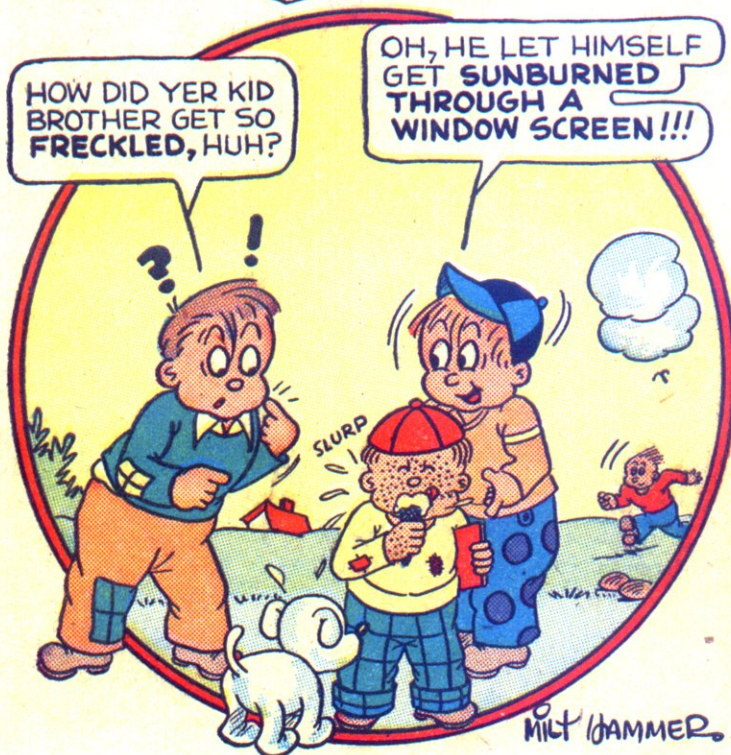
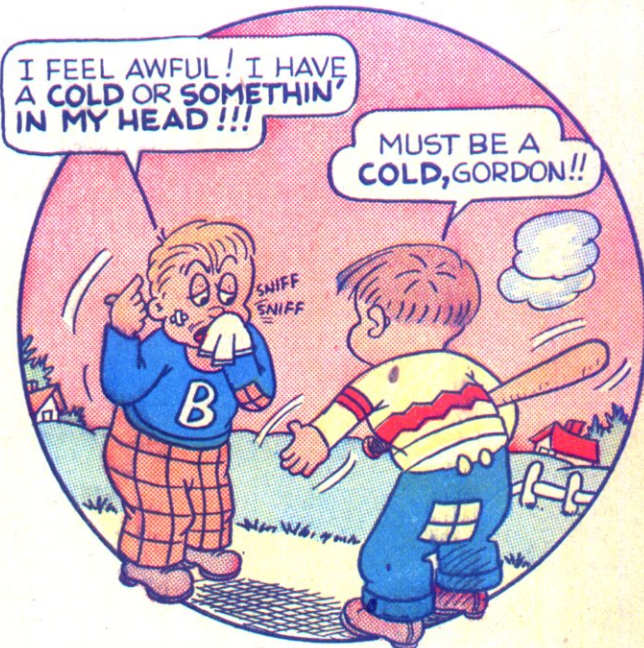
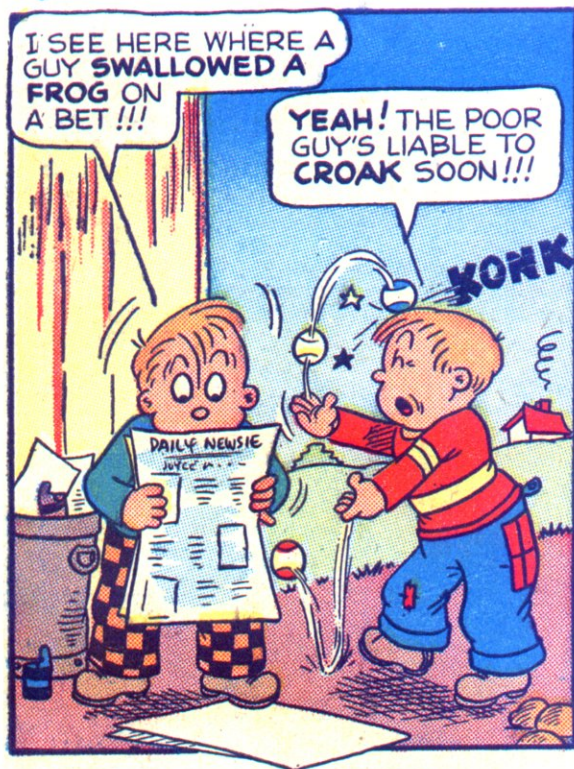


# TWO-TON O'TOOLE



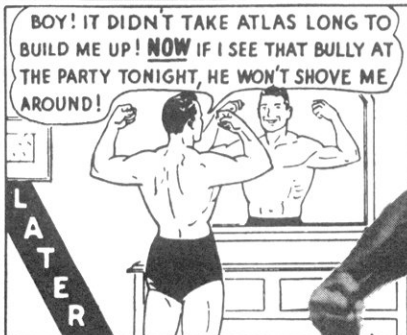


# BLUEBOLTS and NUTS





# HOW "JACK THE WEAKLING" SLAUGHTERED THE "DANCE-FLOOR HOG!"



## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too —in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

**H**AVE YOU ever felt like Jack—absolutely fed up with having bigger, huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll **PROVE** you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 97-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

### "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, **NATURAL** method will make you a finer specimen of **REAL MANHOOD** than you ever dreamed you could be!

### You Get Results FAST

Almost before you realize it, you will

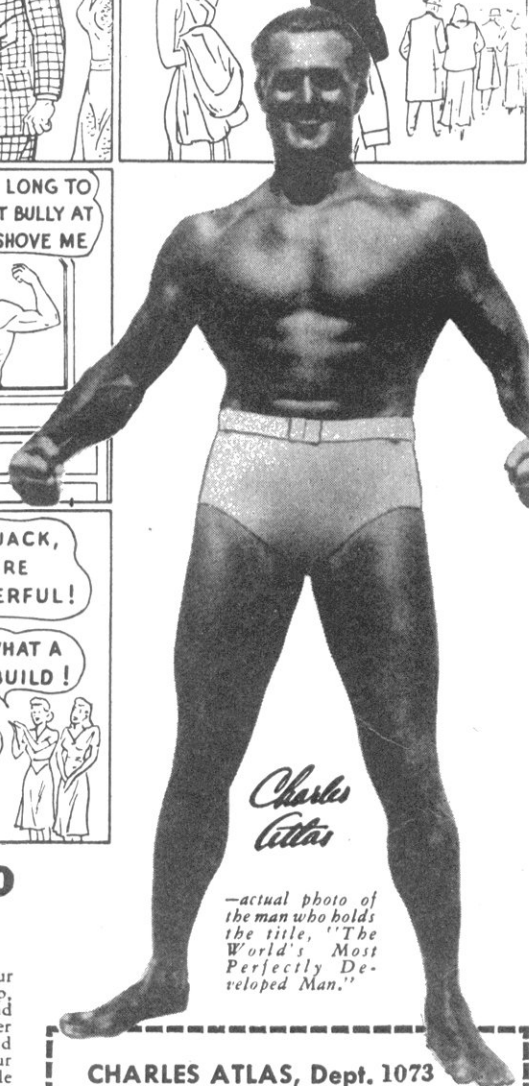
notice a general "toning up" of your entire system! You will have more pep, brighter eyes, clear head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send **NOW** for this book—**FREE**. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for **YOU**. Don't put it off! Address me personally:

Charles Atlas, Dept. 1073  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



*Charles Atlas*

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 1073**  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A



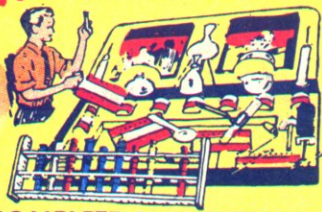
# Boys Girls CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE

**DAISY'S  
RED  
Ryder**  
Licensed by Stephen Stranges, Inc.



**HEY  
FELLOWS!**

This real he-man's gun is back. Get this lightning-loading, fast-shooting 1000-shot Air Rifle. Sell one order, plus \$1.50 extra.



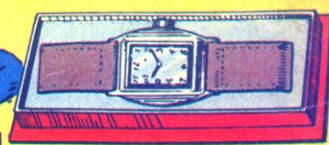
**COMPLETE CHEMISTRY SET**

Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments—and Magic Book of 50 Mysterious Chemistry Exhibitions. Sell one order of American seeds



**WRIST  
WATCH**

A beautiful Wrist Watch, suitable for Boys, Girls, Menor Women. Given for selling one order, of American seeds, plus \$1.50 extra.



**OFFICIAL SOFTBALL SET**

Boys! Here's a swell outfit for you. Regulation size Bat and



Ball plus a baseball Cap. All given for selling one order of seeds.



Full size, sweet-toned Ukulele decorated with Hawaiian scene. Instruction sheet FREE. Sell only one order. (Quantity limited.)



**FALCON CAMERA**  
with Carrying Case.

16 pictures on each roll of film. Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extra.



**SWEETHEART DOLL**

"Peggy Sweetheart" is the doll you'd love to own. Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell only one order of American seeds

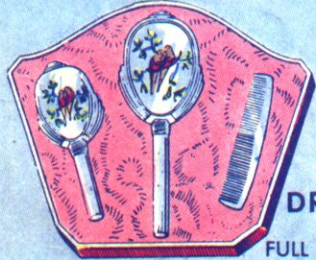


Famous "Flying Ace" Ball Bearing Roller Skates for Boys and Girls. Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extra.



**A big, husky HUNTING KNIFE,**  
with Leather Sheath.

Has serrated edge, bottle opener. Sell one order.



**DRESSER SET**

FULL SIZE Comb,

Brush and Mirror—exquisitely designed, beautifully decorated. Sell one order, of American seeds



**PEN &  
PENCIL  
SET**

A really good Fountain Pen and matching Automatic Pencil. Sell one order.



**STURDY AXE,**

with Leather Sheath. Attaches to belt.

Boys! Here's a husky axe of regulation size, in a leather sheath. Sell one order of seeds



**Swivel Head Flashlight**

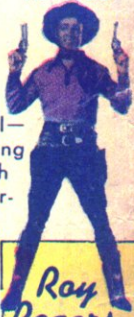
"Nothing else like it." Head turns at any angle. You can stand it up, or clip it on—leaving both hands free. Given, complete with two batteries, for selling one order, of seeds

**ROY ROGERS GUN WITH HOLSTER SET AND 12 FOOT ROPE LARIAT**



Boys! Get this big, all-metal repeating Cap Pistol with Holster and Lariat. It's a reproduction of ROY ROGERS' own Gun, with clicking hammer and twirling cylinder. Fires roll caps. Sell one order of seeds, plus, \$1.50 extra.

Republic Pictures Star.



**Roy Rogers**  
"King of the Cowboys"

## GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are given **WITHOUT COST** for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated.

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once, or, if you prefer, take one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. **GET BUSY**—send coupon today for Big prize book and seeds. **SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU**

No goods sent outside U. S. A.

American Seed Co., Inc. Dept. 434, Lancaster, Pa.

### MORE PRIZES FOR YOU

shown in our big prize sheet,  
GENE AUTRY GUITAR  
BRACELETS  
BIBLE  
OVERNIGHT BAG  
POOL TABLE  
ALARM CLOCK  
POCKET WATCH  
ARCHERY SET

**OUR  
29th YEAR**

**AMERICAN SEED CO., INC.,  
DEPT. 434 LANCASTER, PA.**

Please send the **BIG PRIZE BOOK** and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c ea.h, send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

R. F. D. Box or Street No. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_